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ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE DEAD SOLDIERS.

BY HENRY F. HARRINGTON.

Where is the band—the noble band,
With sword, and spear, and shield—
That the morning sun
Played bright upon,
And their gallant flag waved as their march led on,
On to the battle-field.

They all are there!—they all are there!—
With sword, and spear, and shield;
But reeking gore
Stains that dimmed sword o'er;
And their gallant flags rent—they will march no more—
They strew that battle-field!

Where is the eye—the glancing eye,
The eye that piercing shone—
Whose lustrous ray
Lights the fearless way
Of the thoughts that unveiled in the glad breast play,
Say, is that bright eye gone?

That eye is there!—that eye is there!
But darkness veils it o'er—
'Tis dimmed by death,
That stole the breath,
And stilled the free thoughts that were roving beneath,
Its glance will charm no more!

Where is the voice—the mellow voice,
When from the pure breast gushed
The cheering word,
That proud hopes stirred,
And may are those accents no longer heard,
Is that voice forever hushed?

That voice is still!—that voice is still!
There breaks not on the air
Its cheering tone,
All is mute and lone!
For the breath that once played, tween the sweet lips is gone,
But the blanching lips are there!

Where is the heart—the warm, fresh heart,
Bounding in youth's wild glee;
Unchecked by care,
So spotless, so fair,
That one unhallowed thought had not entered there—
Where can that wild heart be?

It is not there!—it is not there!
That bounding heart has fled!
Ye may not weep,
Nor your vigils keep,
By the plot where those brave hearts in silence sleep—
Ye cannot wake the dead!

SELECTED ESSAYS.

The following dialogue we found in the Mercantile Journal of Saturday last. Mr Neal has published the substance of it before, but it is so lucid and satisfactory that it is worthy of being read with attention.

A. I am surprised that you don't attend Graham's Lectures.

C. I have attended some of them, and I think my time is better employed, than in listening to what I have already read, again and again, in amount, at least, if not in the exact words; or to his theories, many of which I think useless, and some of them, *hurtful* innovations.

A. What innovations of Graham's are there that you dislike?

C. I can hardly lay my finger on any of his doctrines and say it is an innovation of *his;* for, the truth is, most of his theories have been proclaimed long ago. For instance, his great principle of vegetable diet—that man was not made to eat flesh—and that he would live, I don't know exactly how long, but a great while, if he ate no animal food; why that has been stoutly defended, long ago, by more than I can mention, or think of just now. But there was Cornaro, the Italian nobleman, carried the principle quite as far as Mr Graham does, and he had one strong argument in its support—his own great age.

There is, however, *one* innovation, which, for aught I know, may be attributed to Mr Graham. He says that comparative anatomy and physiology both show that man is exclusively a vegetable eating animal. Now when we know that lions and all the animals commonly called carniverous, even dogs, if confined to vegetable food, pine away and die; and that those animals called graniverous cannot live on animal food; and then see the Greenlanders, the Esquimaux, and a host of other tribes fattening on seal flesh and sperm oil; and millions of Hindoos and other nations living on rice, as do the Irish on potatoes, I think all this goes far to prove that, man is not exactly carniverous or graniverous. And especially when I think of the fact, which I presume no one will question, that those nations who live on a mixed diet, are, notwithstanding their intemperance, larger, stronger handsomer, more vigorous in body and mind, and longer lived, on an average, than those who eat either flesh or vegetables, exclusively; I am very much confirmed in my opinion.

Finally, when I look at the lion, dog, &c. and see their teeth made solely to tear, and the muscles of their jaws so arranged as to admit only of the simple motion of opening and shutting; and then see the cow, sheep, horse, &c. with blunt smooth teeth, useful only for crushing tender or friable substances, and that they have a peculiar muscular motion of one jaw, sidewise on the other, so as to grind their coarse food; and then, when I see that man has teeth, and the motions of the jaw, not just like either class, but partaking somewhat of the peculiarities of both; why, I conclude he was made to eat both animal and vegetable food. Then, when I see that all the carniverous animals have only one small stomach, which has a great tendency to contract after the death of the animal, and that the graniverous animals have three or four each, and some of them enormously large, and that they have very little contractile power, after death; and that they have an intestinal canal vastly longer, in proportion to the length of their bodies than have the carniverous animals; and then that man has one stomach only, and that resembling the carniverous much more nearly than the graniverous animals; and that the length of his intestinal canal, is greater in proportion to that of his body, than that of the carniverous, and less than that of the graniverous animals; I conclude that the author of the 'inoteration' that man was not made to digest both animal and vegetable food, be he Mr Graham or any one else, is, or was, mistaken.

A. Several of our most eminent physicians tell me that what he says is correct.

C. Very possible. I suppose physicians are men of like passions as others. I too, have heard one of 'our most eminent' surgeons speak very highly of Mr Graham's lectures, and advise some young man, who were studying medicine, to hear them. But at the same time he told them he had never heard Mr Graham at all, and only knew of him or his doctrines, *by report.* I should not like to say he was 'gulled,' as Mr B. told you the other day, or that he wished to 'humbug' any one. Our 'most eminent physicians' will, no doubt, all say that we generally eat too much by far, and especially that we eat too much meat. But I know you cannot find many of them, and I doubt if you can one, who will say that no man ought to eat flesh. I heard one of them, as distinguished, by both his medical skill and the station he occupies, as any among us, say, that he believed that if the doctrine of restricting in this manner the food, was to regulate the practice of the community, there would be more dyspepsia than there is now.

I have heard one of the 'eminent physicians'—one, who is not surpassed in reputation or experience by any medical man in the United States, say that even dyspepsia could often eat broad and butter, when bread alone could not be borne. Now when the experience of such a man is placed in the scale of reason, in opposite to the theory of Mr Graham, I must confess I shall which most kick the beam. Although I cannot think Mr Graham's doctrine can't be true, in the case I have known persons, who had always thought themselves in perfect health, and been thought so by others, after becoming converts to his doctrines and practices, to become permanent invalids. I am well aware that Mr Graham says, that those who eat flesh are never well, though they think themselves so—that 'it is impossible for life to be both intensive and extensive'—that if we would live long, we must live very slow. But really, it seems to me very strange, that a man who looks and feels well, and strong, should be obliged to make himself look, and feel sick and weak, that he may in fact be well

A. It is solely from prejudice against him, that this philanthropist is now suffering.

C. Suffering, do you say? Suffering! what? how? He has had full houses and a liberal entrance fee. He can't have suffered for bread surely. The merchant must have a large and well managed capital, who has made more money than Mr Graham since he has lectured in Boston. Then the public presses—not one has peeped a syllable against him—all have puffed him as high as convenience would permit—ah, here, I have it now, it is his *modesty* that suffers! Well, he will get used to it soon, then he'll not mind such things.

A. One hundred dollars for a full course of Graham's lectures, would to thousands of families in the city, be the best money they ever laid out in their lives.

C. Well, Mr A, I am glad many have attended Mr Graham's lectures, and I hope many more will do so. There is great need of a reform in diet, and there is more danger that Mr Graham's hearers generally, will believe too little, than too much. I am sorry that he mixes so much of error with his important truths; and that he has such a propensity to bring forward, as some new discovery of his own, what has long been taught by those who have treated of the same subjects. 'Tis also very much to be regretted, that he has the habit of speaking very disrespectfully of every body but himself, when engaged with his subject.

In fine, if I had nothing to do and plenty of money, I should certainly attend Mr Graham's lectures; but, as I told you before, I think my time is better occupied.

ORIGINAL TALES.

[*Note.* In the following tale is exhibited a passage in the life of Infinite Gab, a character in the production of 'The Self-Conqueror,' published in the Galaxy a few weeks since.]

THE SELF-CONQUERED.

A TALE.—BY J. L. S.

Mrs Gab was there—Mrs Infinite Gab! She stood rising above her fellows like a tall sun-flower, while her head was dashed with ornaments(?) resembling in color and form, the delicate and delectable portions composing that modest flower ere maturity;—not that Infinite was not mature—she was ripe, fully, and had been for years. Three inches measured she of waist; deduct which, and the remainder was—legs and head. Her mouth looked like a churchyard, scattered at random with old and dusty grave-stones. Hasty-pudding and molasses could not save her teeth, but she saved them—carefully—in that one legacy of her great-grandmother—a snuff box. Think not strangely of her appellations, gentle reader,—she was called from that great-grand-parent, who was named in the good old times of the Temperances—Hopes—Graces, &c. I thought of re-christening her Sanderson; yet I will not—she is too wiry. Her cheeks had all the freshness of roasted beef, the delicate hues of which, abounded, even to her finger-ends. Encircling her neck, was an elegant string of gold beads, while covering which and down her waist hung a black bead-chain which gave a grand idea of power and magnitude and which fully and tastefully relieved the crimson frock which clung to her, even 'closer than a brother.'

Charles Phillips loved a joke, yet was of a most amiable disposition—of graceful deportment—bold in defence of friends—ever at their service—true to every dictate which regarded the pure laws of honor, and a little past twenty. Wishing for a joke of an uncommon character on Thanksgivingday, and having seen Mrs Gab previously at a wedding of an old school-mate when he marked her for future waggish operations, he now selected her as a fit object, to whom he addressed an invitation to a ball to be holden at Boston, couched in the politest terms he could command. He doubted her acceptance of it, but receiving an answer, equally overwrought, and far more ridiculous, inasmuch as it was written with singleness of purpose, he resolved so to conduct that no ridicule could be attached to himself.

Well, Mrs Gab was at the ball with all her characteristics—in the grave she will be with them—at the resurrection ere she has renewed her fleshy covering will she wonder who *first* heard the dread trump, thinking it scarcely possible that any should hear it before her. As he had done previously at the wedding, on this occasion he praised as perfection every article, and the arrangement of her dress. This previous flattery had gained for her from her wormwood-tongue the surprising denomination of 'The young and handsome Mr Phillips.'

Remembering his former apparent partiality for her, upon receiving the invitation, she suspected he had commenced attempts against her celibacy, against which attempts she commenced no opposition.

'I wonder when he'll pop the question,' thought she, 'he's a pious youth, and therefore needs some old traveller of Zion to direct him, and therefore I'll have him Besides I know he'll ask *me*—he's got such a long head and is so attentive. I a'n't too old—I'm all the better for age, and therefore he'll respect me as well as love. I a'n't *very* old, besides if I were, antiquated things are respected—but I a'n't. *If* I am old, I therefore receive his respect. Oh! I know he'll be for courting me! I wonder what Miss Sourcrout *will* say?'

Phillips received the answer to his note, laughed till he could not weep for want of tears, and thought in his turn—'I wonder how she will behave! By George! what a joke! Manning Templeton's iron face would have melted at this. Carrying her will do finely too, as a safeguard against that worst of predicaments—love; and then I shall keep free from that torpher—matrimony! I'll surfeit her with politeness, if possible—I'll make her more ridiculous than ever, *if* possible! Ay, ay, the same principle that made her a fanatic once, can make her supremely ridiculous now. I'll be sentimental and she'll be lack-a-daisical—I'll bill and coo, and she'll sigh from her mouth like a blacksmith's bellows and heave her breast like an earthquake. Hurrah! I should like to hear what Peter Jones would say!'

Our story opened at the ball, and gentle reader, we will return to it. Mid glare and glitter—swinging festoons of flowers—sparkling of eyes and illuminated glass, it seemed as if the beholders stood in Paradise.

To sounds mellifluous all their bosoms beat,
And joy impels their quickly gliding feet;
There—blissful spirits join their kin of earth—
Light—music—love commingle with their mirth!

Phillips was all attention.

'My dear,' said he to Mrs Gab, 'are you not cold at this distance from the stove?'

'No my love; but I'll move nearer just to oblige you.' And she looked languishing like a cow's eye, as it moves when she makes her last squeal, while the perspiration flowed from every pore, for she had been jumping through a contra-dance with all the grace and lightness of a circus-horse capering to the tune of 'Nancy Dawson.'

Having conducted her to the fire with all possible ceremony, he would now give her an opportunity to display her talent at conversation—to make herself—'agreeable.'

'Observe that lady,' said he, 'how emaciated!—her mirror must be broken, or she would not come with such an appearance to such a place!'

'Ah!' said Mrs Gab, 'she wants a beau; therefore she looks interesting to draw 'em all round her. These young flirts, getting their tarnal heads full of proclamations——'

'Exactly so, my love!' said Charles, interrupting her—for he knew how vexatious was any interruption, when she had once loosed the flood-gates of her eloquence. He turned the iron into *her* soul, if she had one, for he would not, that, with impunity, she should slander one who, apparently, had such a powerful claim upon his pity. He had selected an object whose appearance, without the intention, would create remarks. Like sunlight on a Grecian ruin, glimpses of beauty and of a delicate spirit rested upon her. Still, how fearful! She seemed a wandering, lost spirit—strayed from its native shades to behold the opposite of her situation.—She was colorless as snow—sunken were her cheeks as the lank figure of Death, and lost were her eyes in their vacuous sockets—cold—clammy—weak and exhausted, she appeared among that gay assembly. She seemed to have come from a repast with the worms—from a revelry with the reanimated inmates of the misty tomb and dank charnel-house. Like the feeling of the skeleton on which the yellow ice had gathered, was the touch of her hand. The motion of her person was the movement of a mournful, yet wild and fearful spirit. What had she there—'mid all the brightness of joy and the gay allurements of beauty? Whatever was her object, none could distinguish it. Sought she pleasure? she had pursued a phantom—it had really eluded her grasp. As yet her countenance had not relaxed, but upon it was impressed, as upon statuary, one—one expression, as unlike the smiles of the ball-room, as the cheerful composure upon the cheek of Benevolence.

'Yes! she tries to look pious too,' said Infinite, not to be turned from her scandal, though from her theme.

'But do you think her object is to gain beaux?'

'Why it must be that, or she's a backslider, and so came here to trip it and forget her sins and wickednesses. Nobody goes to balls but the unrighteous, therefore, I only come to please you, for what will not the self-sacrificing, tender heart of woman endure to get thick with her sweetheart?' and with this ingenious flattery, she cast into his face a glance as overpowering as the quoit which the mighty Ajax threw, and still so very tender as nearly to destroy the placidity of Phillips's muscles; and which glance was accompanied with a gentle sigh, not unlike distant thunder, while some thought it the voice of the Master of Ceremonies—so distinct were his calls!

'Perhaps so,' said Phillips, answering indefinitely to see if she was to be wooed from her track of slander.

'No doubt, doesn't her cheeks symbolize her fate? a'n't they sunk and isn't she going to sink to the bottomless pit and miry clay?'

'You are sharp, Mrs Gab.'

'A'n't I though; I've heard Parson Grum argufy by the hour, therefore, I can ride upon the cow of argument and use the horns to open every dark subject and make it light as new milk,' she answered with a flourish of the hand and a sagacious shake of the head.'

'You surprise me!'

'Well I might! you know the poem—he says—'

'I know all about it,' said Phillips hastily, for he would not that she should profane real poetry by her—if right—delivery. He saw another chance to inflict the worst abomination to her—interruption. She bit her lip to prevent her tongue running from her mouth like a slipped serpent. As if unconscious of her vexation, he turned her attention to another female in another part of the hall—one who had already received the tribute of many of his thoughts during the evening—a perfect contrast in appearance of health to the one we have described—whose countenance exquisites would not call fatal, yet which was a sweet face, while over it was a flush as voluptuous as the sunset. Upon it was an expression of gentleness and love that made the feelings captive, ere you had scarcely thought you had observed the features. Reader! let me whisper in your ear; she was cousin to Infinite Gab! Her parents had as much cause to be proud of Catherine, as they were ashamed of Infinite as a relative. Miss Sanger was altogether of a different mould—more refined in her thoughts—gentler in her disposition—genteel in her stature and holier in all her acts. The one, all light, in whose soul the beams of heaven, beautifully and luxuriantly played, seemed an intelligence misplaced on earth;—the other, full of woman's harsher nature, seemed also unfit for earth, yet no aspirant of heaven, but a stray child of *him* below,—not a *favorite* one, however, for what harm had *she* done? She never pilfered—poisoned—murdered—stop! she has—much! she has pilfered good names—poisoned fair reputations—murdered, or worse than murdered—has by her damnable tongue driven from the arms of a devoted husband, and repulsed from the house of affectionate and proud parents, the yet faithful and innocent daughter—Helen Templeton! Between these cousins was no more communication, than between this 'dirty planet' and the farthest star in the Universe.

'Oh! she's only a school-girl,' said Infinite, 'these upstarts take up all the time of the men, and we, the real young ladies are neglected,—to give us time, I suppose for thinking and philosophy.'

'Ah! you are one of the young ladies.'

'Oh yes: and its no harm to call ourselves young, for no one can be old till they have care, and as the parson says, have done much good. To have care, you know, we young ladies must have families which we are not old enough to have, because, not having any *now*, we *must* be older before we have any, so, of course, we are young and not old. And to do good, we must have children to do it to, for grown persons can take care of themselves, save a little watching and a little talking to, just a little!'

'You reason deeply.'

'All from reliance on self, Mr Phillips: no one ever shared my capital—genius. These husbands take half their wives' merit, if not all. But then who would not give up their chief treasure to be enjoyed by the man she loves? I would!' said Mrs Gab, with a Brobdignag sigh.

'Ah, but few are like you.'

'I know it; the virtues won't come by calling. See there, she'd dropped her handkerchief!' said Mrs Gab in a flurry, alluding to her cousin. 'What a wench! don't you suppose that was planned, so that he might pick it up for her?'

'With respect to your superior judgment, Mrs Gab, I rather think it accident.'

Phillips could but ill brook her aspersions on that beautiful and apparently virtuous female. He longed for an acquaintance with her. His imagination was already excited in her behalf, but how should he obtain an introduction? he was almost an entire stranger to all present. Oh Phillips! Charles Phillips! where are now thy celibic principles?

'Accident indeed!' said Mrs Gab with energy, as he assumed nearly of her opinion—accident indeed! she wants a husband—that's certain!'

'I presume so,' said Charles seriously. He forebore any further remarks upon Catherine Sanger. His feelings toward her had already arrived to that state when it seems sacrilege to speak but her name to an indifferent one. He turned again to the first subject of their remark. 'Do you think that skeleton is white in character?'

'Umph! white! she's dressed in white and is whitewashed;—all is not gold that glistens, Mr Phillips,' she replied with a snuff of the nose and flutter of the head.

'Just so,' said Charles, glancing at her huge brooch measuring about fifteen cubit inches; then, with his eye resting upon her gigantic bead-chain, he continued, 'you know, my love, all about—

'the chain that binds,
Without their will, young hearts and minds;
Conveying in the electric wire,
We know not how, the absorbing fire?'

'Oh yes,' said she, looking down sentimentally, but perfectly dumfoundered. Again brightening up, 'I know how it is she acted—don't you tell any one—she acted scandalously'—then putting her hand upon his arm, leaning forward, and with an important air whispering in his ear—'she has too many ice-creams at some party or other, therefore acted cold to her beau, and he made off, and therefore she's been cold ever since. I know that's the cause, for what else can it be? Satan! how she looks at us!—see there—how red she comes.'

As the countenance of the stranger changed, Phillips thought he had seen her before, but where, if so, he could not tell. His curiosity became greatly excited. He remarked, 'How wild she appears!'

'Oh, the flames of the wicked place are burning her, the wicked are always punished now, as well as by'm-by, as a kind of set-off to the joy of the pious, and to increase their happiness.'

In the height of mock-politeness, Charles now excused himself from her presence, with the intention of gaining some clue to the history of that strange female and principally to get an introduction to her who was already mistress of his thoughts—whom he had seen—loved—yet, what more should he care?

* * * * * *

'Unhand me, Gordon!'

'By heavens, Phillips, if you do!'

'Will you take your hands from my collar?'

'Will you force me to quarrel, by refusing to keep the secret?'

'Will you let go my collar, sir?'

'Will you promise to make no disclosures concerning that female?'

'Suppose I do—what then?'

'You will gain nothing by it.'

'Take your hands from my coat, Gordon, or you will force *me* to quarrel. I will promise nothing in this situation.'

Gordon relinquished his hold on Phillips, whom he had grasped, the moment he displayed much interest in the female and appeared to have knowledge of her history, and of whom Gordon had been boasting as his protege in the school of profligacy.

'Now, sir,' said Charles, 'what is the strict necessity of secresy concerning this affair?'

'Why, sir, I should lose a lucrative situation at the South, which has been offered me, and my character would be ruined, were it known.'

'Nothing more?'

'What objections can you have to keep the secret? the disclosure will not benefit you.'

'She shall not continue in such suffering as she seems to endure.'

'She is in my best keeping, sir; besides, her looks belie her state; she laughs long and loudly as any one, and revels as deep—were she unhappy she would not.'

'The loudest laugh is not always the heartiest.'

'We will compromise; will you promise to keep the secret two hours? A disclosure will break up the ball?'

'Do you know the lady in the light blue dress—the very queen of this night's assembly?'

'I do.'

'I will keep your secret two hours.'

'Will you promise not to go near her or observe her more than others?'

'What—the lady in blue? not by any means!'

'No—the other.'

'Ah! But will you introduce me to that beauty?'

'Yes.'

'Then, yes, to your question. But has that lady any attendant here?'

'Yes, as presumptuous a fellow as ever put up Merchant on his sign, or ever figured at the top of a business card. He's in the next room, gambling.'

'I'll punish him with rivalry for that! the rascal! to leave such a dainty morsel for the enjoyment of any one!' concluded Phillips.'

The young men were about going to the hall when Charles stopped short and enquired, 'But will you make me acquainted *now?*'

'Ah, you Yankee, after work receive pay.'

'I insist upon the introduction now!'

'I insist upon a fulfilment of your promise first.'

'Here we are at odds, again.'

'Don't worry, sir, you would rather wait *four* hours than lose an introduction.'

Phillips found he had betrayed his feelings by his earnestness and found it better policy to let the matter rest, while he and Gordon went to the dancing hall—apparently satisfied—Phillips hoped by gratifying him, that he might not only obtain an introduction to Miss Sanger, but also save the unhappy female, who had caused their rencontre and who was now in the fangs of Gordon, enjoying such care as the wild eyed tiger evinces for his prey; that female who has been through joy, finding life a luxury—through ill, feeling it a burden—she who has known the deep, heart-searching felicity of first-love—who when a wife, struggled through suffering and shame to destroy an hallucination of jealousy in the mind of her husband; but, failing, has been cast—a reprobated being—from all home with friends and kindred. She has *now* a home—such a home as the vile purveyor to the sensualist affords. This poor object is but a shadow of what she has been in beauty yet, a charm is about her—an unequalled attraction, which raises her above her vicious companions. But a few months previous, Phillips was at her nuptials; and when Gordon had slipped a few words concerning her, he recollected at once that she was Mrs Helen Templeton!

He had heard the reports of her faithlessness—of her disappearance, and till now considered her dead. He doubted much of the rumor, coming as he knew it did, mostly from Infinite Gab; but seeing her in such hands as Gordon's, in part removed his doubts, though he thought she might yet be the betrayed and traduced.—Aside from his promise, he would not give his partner one iota of the information he had gained. He did not respect her enough to impart facts; and he would yet exercise his ingenuity in whimsically leading her thro' all kinds of moods. He pitied Mrs Templeton, and with a compromise between his real feelings and his intentions towards Infinite, he remarked with a sigh more earnest than affected—'Alas! that one who had been endowed with every thing to please in appearance—every qualification of mind to bless herself and others, should be a victim of tameness!'

Infinite was quite unprepared for this. But, her character in part laid aside, *protempore*, she followed his lead, for 'what will not the self-sacrificing, tender heart of woman endure, to get thick with her sweetheart?'—His particular kindness had softened a heart which had not been in a state of fusion for a third of a century; and this it was so now, might be known by the continual flutter of her upper regions. Having her cue, she answered,

'Yes, yes—charming things are misused—therefore, that lady has been abused. Poor thing! how unbecoming to do it!'

'Who could be so villanous?'

'I don't say; the body which could do that, ought to be tarred and feathered. The awful critter! she ought to have her head broke. How was she abused?—Havn't I seen her before?'

'Could that be; you have been to town but seldom.'

'Perhaps I've met her in the road. How was she abused Mr Phillips?'

'By slandering tongues which caused her to be cast from home—paternal and connubial,' said Charles with his eye sternly meeting the glance of Infinite.

A thought crossed her mind, with the effect of a flash and thunder at still midnight, that the stranger was Mrs Templeton! But rallying her impudence and cunning at the same moment, using her brazen face, which usually put others out of countenance, like the reflection from a tin watering-pot, and thinking that Phillips knew not the individual, she exclaimed—

'What wretched! Do you suppose they had reasons for it?'

'None!'

'What monsters! Now, I never say nothing about nobody—and when I do speak, I have my reasons for it.'

'Right.'

'And you know what the Bible says—'a slandering tongue worketh iniquity.'

'Ay—said that 'the wicked are wise in their own conceit!'

This was a poser to Infinite. She scarcely knew whether to apply it to herself or not; but the fear of losing her beau, as she considered him, and the dread that he suspected the stranger to be Mrs Templeton, conquered her self-command, while, remembering what she had said of that unfortunate woman, though not blaming herself, she sobbed out with her head downward and her hands closed—

'If I thought that you did not duly appreciate me, I should rather be dead than alive.'

'I do, fully.'

Mrs Gab was at ease again; and replied, while she observed not the equivocality of his answer—

'I have always tried to ameliorate the degraded state of woman; she has always been mightily imposed upon. What do you think of the influence of the female sex?'

At this moment, Gordon rejoined Phillips and requested him to follow. They paused in the room where they first had become acquainted.

'I have been thinking,' said Gordon, 'that you know more of that female than you have divulged.'

'I have seen her but twice, and report speaks her a faithless wife.'

'Do you know anything more of her history? I think she is not a Bostonian. She knows too little of society to have mingled much in it.'

'I know more than I will relate, even to her relations. As she has really sunk so low, and as they think she is dead, I will not renew their misery from her strange disappearance, or add to it, by letting them know of her degradation.'

'You will not inform me then?'

'No.'

'Will nothing tempt?'

'Nothing.'

'A wife! no wonder she is somewhat eccentric;' said Gordon musingly, 'yet, she is a queen among her associates.'

'If she is so superior, why will you keep her in her debased state.'

'She is newly in it. I have striven to turn her from it, for I pitied her. She has a secret, which she will not make known, and which seems to be the cause of her manner of life.'

'Does she never refer to the past?'

'Never.'

'But Gordon, I must do something for that woman!'

'You are welcome to, if you can.'

'Well, let us go to the Hall; my two hours are almost up, Gordon.'

The young men returned, and Phillips now eagerly hailed the moment of introduction to the fair object of his thoughts. Time seemed really to have lost his wings, for he glided so smoothly that all rustling was lost; with feet unfeathered, like an angel's he rushed; none perceived his flight—so absorbed were they in their enjoyment. In a solitary corner, while all else were gaily moving to the enlivening music, sat Miss Sanger.

'That wretch is absent, gambling yet,' said Charles 'A mean fellow!—a fine chance for you, Phillips. He deserves rivalry and disappointment.'

'Stop! don't make me too sanguine.'

He was introduced—and farewell to Infinite for the rest of the night! Love seemed to crown every moment of his companionship with new joys. What greater raptures awaited him! To gaze upon that face, lovely in itself, was pleasure; but to look upon it with the sentiments, no not sentiments—the fires of love within the breast, was indescribable delight. As his love increased, what new beauties he discovered. As new charms developed by companionship, his joys increased, and when he afterwards awoke to self-consciousness—for he had, as it were, thrown his soul out from his person to her's—he discovered his soul absorbed with love—with deep, passionate love! Could he now exist without her? Could his life pass without her sympathetic participation? Could he now indulge in those principles of celibacy which made him scorn the bondage of matrimony? Its chains, in his fancy, were now well hid beneath flowers;—he forgot they were still chains.

Poor spell-bound Phillips! Who would have thought that eyes, shining with soul—that a voice, melodious from the promptings of a good heart—a form, faultless as an angel, and spirit, gentle and refined as one of the Blessed, could so have prostrated thy energies! But one thing can start him from her side, which not even the appearance of her gambling gallant could do—a hope, excited before his introduction, to save Helen Templeton from the consequent misery on her newly adopted life. If unsuccessful, he resolved never to breathe a word of having seen her, and by some means silence the tongue of Mrs Gab, if she really believed the stranger to be Mrs Templeton. Thus, for a moment, he ventured from the side of Miss Sanger.

'Where is she?' he enquired of Gordon.

'Who—Miss Gab—your partner?'

'Mrs Tem—the lady you attended.'

'Where?—deuce! she's gone!'

This was a mere ruse of Gordon's. He had striven to have Phillips well employed that she might depart without his interference, and that he might avoid a frown which would follow from a knowledge that she was not of the same class with the company, and the disgrace which would indubitably result in a diffusion of the fact of his attendance upon her. Charles had been too much interested in his newly engrossing affair, to meddle with the concerns of others, had he thought of them.

'Where is she whom you brought?' Gordon in turn inquired, to turn his attention from the absence of Mrs Templeton.

Hillos! she's gone too. Let her go—who cares.'

'So say I of my girl.'

Back went Phillips to his interesting charge, for he saw, advancing towards her, an individual whom he thought was her attendant. He was mistaken, nor did the person address her. Love! love! prolific source of jealousy and fear! The gambler remained still absent, and Charles, from his neglect, aside from his own feelings, thought himself at liberty to attend her home. That night, he was on his knees to her, rapt in bliss and inspired with the most extatic hope, which a young man of twenty can enjoy—aside from that of his first week's wages, when twenty-two.

'Will you, Miss Sanger, accept one so little deserving as myself, to be a life companion?'

A bungling way to pop the question, loved reader.

'Really, Sir, a little time—a—'

'To night! to night! give me answer!'

'I am quite a stranger to to you, yes,' said the prudent Miss Sanger.

'But you are not to me! my heart has an acquaintance, as of a thousand years! Love me—rely on my love for exertions to promote your continued happiness.'

'You are too hasty.'

'You are too cold, Miss Sanger. Oh, free me from this torturing suspense!'

'A little time, Sir, I desire; besides, I must make some arrangements, concerning Mr Tibbets, who so shamefully neglected me.'

'To cast me off, that you may receive that gambler to your bosom?' asked Charles with an sneer, for his impatience began to get the mastery of his reason.'

'To cast *him* off, to receive you!' said she in reply.

'Is it true? do I hear your words?'

Catherine saw that she had said too much for her maiden pride to contemplate, and therefore answered—

'You hear what your violence has extorted.'

Phillips began to think of this old celibic principle. He asked—

'Then your benevolent feelings, to say nothing of others more tender, did not prompt those soothing words!'

'Perhaps not,' she said, for she was in all a woman.

'Very well! then we are quits,' said Phillips haughtily. He now renewed his resolution for eternal celibacy.

'But, Mr Phillips, I warn you against Tibbets—he is of a fearful disposition.'

'What prompted those words? charity, I suppose.'

'Perhaps pity,' she answered, with a smile that would have graced a coquette.

'Would you so much as pity me, for the pains I should endure from your marriage to him!'

'Perhaps so, and perhaps not: I pity you for your jealousy.'

'And hate me for my love.'

'Pity and hate will not go together.'

Dash! fell Phillips's resolution, broken into a thousand pieces.

'Will you accept me? I will gladly risk his malice.'

'My cousin accepted you—should I also?'

'That is a mistake. I have felt the intoxication of love for none but yourself—nay do not blush, nor have I given another any opportunity to accept me.'

'That's a mistake, too.'

'Pardon—'

'But where is my cousin whom you so shamefully neglected?'

Excuse—'

I had forgot her, in the flurry of our departure, and the chagrin from that gambler's neglect; she continued persisting in torturing him.

'I have not the pleasure of her acquaintance. Did she go with you.'

'No; she went with you.'

'I beg pardon! I came with that beg in red—for mere joke—'

'Infinite Gab?'

'Yes.'

'She is my cousin,'

'The devil!' he cried, though unused to swearing in the presence of ladies; 'Infinite Gab, your cousin!'

'Yes.'

'By George! bah—let me go!'

'But Mr Phillips—your gloves—'

He heard not. Off he scampered—entered his sleigh and arrived at Charlestown bridge to pay the toll, before he stopped.

The truth of her relationship to Infinite Gab, came, like a shower of ice, upon his romantic spirit. He had supposed her akin to those as high, or but *little* lower than the angels.' By degrees, he became more calm, and his mind began to settle into something of an idea of the naturalness of the fact. As he progressed towards the bridge of M. he began to reason on the matter.

'I wonder what Peter Jones 'll say now? She Infinite Gab's cousin—no more alike than the queens of the fairies and giants. But how I ran from her! Yet, I won't get married now—I wont. A lucky accident, her asking that question! Hollow! I've lost my gloves—no, I left them on her sofa. She'd a handsome girl though! but I should soon get used to her looks. Oh, blast it, I wont marry—be tied up! Yet she's a good girl! I can't afford to lose those gloves though. But then she's a relation of Infinite Gab. Yet, were she wed, she would be a better woman. I guess she won't send me my gloves. But then, if I marry her I shall lose the chance of somebody, by-and-by, far better than her. Yet, that cannot be. Devil! I don't know what to do!'

When he reached his domicil, he was no better his determination, than when he commenced his cogitations. At last he thought of Infinite, but without anxiety. He knew she was an 'old traveller,' in one sense, and thought she had good opportunity to exercise her precious faculty of pedestrianism—not in the 'dead waste and middle of the night'—but, by the early dawn when Aurora peeps from the east and illumes the world, almost as much as a young lady when at day-break she peeps from her casement—a thing not often done, save when she has just returned from ball or rout. Infinite walked at a pace which any one would practise, if they felt hufly. In her crimson dress, she looked like the pillar of fire which guided the Israelites—only that had no shoulders to shrug up. As if afraid of turning into a pillar of salt, she would not turn back, but kept on her way, not rejoicing—but swiftly.

What were the feelings of Catherine from his sudden departure? She had seen him but little, and that little had excited much love. She felt as if, like Prometheus, doomed to eternal solitude. He had forsaken her—harshly—suddenly—apparently, with the deepest scorn, while her unqualified and unexplained words still sounded in his ear! She had put her love on him with all the devotedness that allows no check—she had treasured in him, her dearest hopes with all the self-abandonment of woman's love; and she must now experience the agony—the bitterest agony of woman's lot. She may not seek him; but must remain, for all in her power, in the same degraded situation in which he first beheld her. To all, she must remain silent till her affection and thus experience the most distracted of solitudes. Her imagination thus excited by the gave to every word of hers, and every act of his an undue importance. Thus, that she loved Phillips was most true; but she feared the unchristianness of Tibbets. She half complied with his invitation to the ball, but finding it a lull of pleasure, thus a fool of his antecedent. She knew that Phillips had thrown himself into great danger by keeping her, and she almost feared to absent all the re-

cret broodings of his malice—the plannings of his revenge, and the zest which will inspirit his every act to injure them.

Phillips saw Gordon but once, after the ball, and in a situation where he could learn nothing of the fate of Mrs Templeton. With character unimpeached, Gordon soon went to the south for his employment. Not long after his departure, but with time sufficient for much mischief, Tibbets was advertised as a runaway criminal. And not long after both of these facts had transpired, Peter Jones and John Bird, friends of Phillips, held the following dialogue. The broad, honest face of the former was lengthened to the full admeasurement allowed to great grief, when he sighed out—

'Alas our friend is dead!'

'Who?—how dead?'

'He was killed—the wound was in his very heart!'

'Who was killed?'

'Charles Phillips.'

'Ah! who was the wretch to kill him?'

'The parson of Trinity Church, Boston.'

'How was he killed? What a miscreant!—a priest—'

'By being married. He is dead—to the world.'

'Oh—you joke! is *that* all? Alas he *is* dead!'

'But, no broken hearts there—a changed one. What a staunch celebate he was! His heart, though tender, conquered his head.'

'The more fool he. Heads should go with hearts in weddings.'

'So say I.'

'He's in a bad scrape, too.'

'How?

'By marrying Infinite Gab.'

'Ha! ha! ha!'

'Miss Sourcrout said he was going to.'

'She—ha! ha! ha!'

'But whom did he marry, Jones?'

'Twenty thousand dollars.'

'A full net to haul!'

'Phillips doesn't know it!'

'Does *not*. What was the girl's name?'

'Catherine Sanger.'

'But Infinite Gab—'

'She has taken a kitten to bring up. Ha! ha! ha! In the endearing and engrossing occupation of rearing her tender nursling, she strives to forget there is such a being as that dear deceiver—Charles Phillips. Whew! As for the ball, she won't say a word about it!'

ORIGINAL SKETCHES.

SKETCHES FROM LIFE.

NO II.

The way they performed

MY FIRST PLAY!

BY A WOULD-BE-AUTHOR.

Now for an egotistical nondescript! Neither a sketch nor an essay; but leaning more to the first than the last, therefore placed under that head.

My first Play! You may think, Reader, what follows, to be terribly out of place, and far bettr reposing in my own brain, than usurping a column that might be filled with better matter. Bear with me—the murder will out, so let me tell you awhile of myself. Let me describe some of the miseries of authorship. It will do you good; it will teach you how much the poor fellows have to suffer who live by their wits. Bear with me!

The miseries of authorship! O, that sentence calls up a kind of lingering sensation of the two hours of misery I passed, when, in diabolical nonchalance, they were murdering my first play! Murder! it was inhuman butchery!—There was I—with every word on my tongue's end—condemned to sit and hear scenes mangled, or hear them not at all; find ideas, at least what I thought ideas, misunderstood, words mispronounced, sentences turned inside out, character misrepresented, plain things made confusion worse confounded, delicate thoughts made savage and savage delicate! The bare remembrance operates like a prescription for a sweat! The drops stand on my forehead!

Thank my stars, I have a good temper! I forget an injury twenty four hours after I receive it. I bear no grudge—no, I bear no grudge! But I've an old score—a good-natured one—to settle with certain fellows. They shall have the bill! My account book is out—not an item will I take off—no, nor make any deduction. They are clever fellows, I have *discovered since*—but they did barbarously murder my play!

Nor, I hope, do I forget a kindness. There were one or two who were concerned in the production of my play, who felt for me, and labored for me, and saved my play—yes, they saved it from utter damnation. I have an old score with them too, and it will take me longer to get out of their debt, than to square the books with my delinquents. I shall never forget *them*—never.

So for it. The name of the play was Gætano. Don't try to pronounce it at present, reader. In truth it has no pronunciation, for on the stage, every man accented and intonated it according to his own fancy—more of that hereafter. The chief character was performed by Mr E——, and the play was produced at his benefit. The parts were severally taken by individuals, whom we will call Messrs S——, A——, J——, G——, and L——, and Mrs B——.

The first point that I discovered was, that a manager don't care a fiddlestring for a play 'got up' for a benefit, (unless it were his own) and day after day passed—the eventful night approached, and nothing was done. Thursday was the time fixed upon, and not until Tuesday morning were the parts distributed. Here's a beautiful beginning, thought I! Two days to commit, prepare and rehearse a tragedy! But some people, (thought I again, by way of administering consolation to myself)—always commence in confusion and come out gloriously in the end.—The play was magnificently cast. The best actors had a finger in the pie, and one of the most beautiful and exquisite actresses in the country, took the first female character. They will do well, thought I—for their own sakes they will do well! So I feasted on dreams through Tuesday and Wednesday.

Thursday morning came. There had been no rehearsal as yet, and we were assured that this should be a good one. Thank my stars, I was not there! Scarcely a man knew a word of his part, and two or three, dissatisfied with their rank in the piece, began to make fun of every thing. Mr E— came to me in the afternoon with despair on his countenance, and the shaking palsy in his hand. 'The piece is going to the d—l,' said he, 'as fast as the sickness of some and the *groutiness* of others can carry it.' 'Sick,' exclaimed I, 'who's sick?' 'Oh Mr S— has been unwell all day, and Messrs J— and G— cut up all manner of shines at rehearsal.' They took the word *genealogy*, which was repeated several times, and twisted the vowels into all manner of shapes, and then they roared—and so throughout. O, thankful am I that I was not at the rehearsal, and that I have a good temper!

The night came. I sat in the stage box. The house was a very fair one. The fiddles scraped—the bell rang—up went the curtain, and on came Mr S— and Mr L—. Mr S— had to open with two lines and a half; he only gave the half! Here was a beginning! Mr L. answered; he was perfect. Then Mr S— had a set speech to repeat. He didn't know a word of it. He said something that had about as much to do with the play and good sense, as a hand-organ has with music. Mr L. (blessings on him! he was perfect throughout) answered, where there was nothing to answer—Mr S— muttered again—then Mr L— again answered to nothing—Mr S— muttered and strutted—Reader, the first scene that should have taken fifteen minutes was *condensed* to two and three quarters!

I ran at every pore! I felt that I was a gone goose. I knew that the play must be damned!

The scene changed. Mr A— came on. Mr A— personated the comic character of the tragedy. It was in the original as near to a fool as could be conveniently portrayed, and required strict correctness not to make it utter nonsense. O that Mr A— may observe Hamlet's advice, thought I! He laughed as he came on—that was right, and I began to breathe freely. He spoke—he went on with a rigmarole so far beyond anything that I ever heard in the shape of absurdity, that language has nothing to depict it. The word nonsense, is but a fool to it. I couldn't laugh—no one could laugh. I could not have smiled if the announcement had been made to me at the moment that I had received a legacy of a million of dollars!

Well, to my inexpressible satisfaction, after he had said as much of everything as he could think of, he went off, and on came Mr E—. For a time things went on well, for the scene was between Messrs E— and L—, and both were perfect. The audience began to be interested, and I to feel better; when Mr S. appeared; and all my dreams were banished! Oh horror! what desperate mangling!—The curtain fell. So it went on through the play. I looked in vain for scenes on which I depended. Some parts I imagined had been transplanted from the farce. Others I did not recognise. not to be profane, to be like anything, either in the heavens, the earth, or the waters under the earth. One scene on which my greatest hopes were placed came on. It was between Mr E—and Mr S—. My poor bantling! Mr E—'s best speeches were cut out because he had no cues. He tried in desperation to lug them in, where they did not belong. It wouldnt do—I could see that anxiety was confusing him. The curtain fell on the second act.

Here let me speak of my heroine. She was exquisitely personated by Mrs B—. Every line, every word was given with proper intonation and accuracy, and with beautiful histrionic power, that made my heart leap. I have never ceased to bless her.

In the third act, in the most important scene, the last but one, Messrs J— and G—who had throughout done their best to damn the play, rung the changes on genealogy, as at rehearsal. It was inhuman.

The rascals! they didn't feel when they were enjoying themselves, they were sticking a dagger into the centre of my heart!

And then the pronunciation of Gætano throughout the play! To make the rythm of the lines perfect in which it occurred, the accent should have been on the dipthong.—Some placed it on the second syllable—some on the third—some made four syllables of it—some made the first *a* broad, some close—some pronounced the *e* like the Italian, some like the English—and between 'em all, the poor word was most horribly mutilated.

Mr E— had grown utterly desperate. And in his despair had forgotten all that he remembered of the last scene. Mr S—, I have already said knew nothing about any of it, and the dialogue was to be held between them. They bungled on somehow or other, and I listened in calm agony of wonder, for it was all new to me. By and by, Mr E—seized Mr S— to strangle him. I was glad to see him die although the play might die with him; for I could not have sustained my feelings much longer. After he had kicked a sufficiency, and breathed his last to all intents and purposes, Mr E— had to go crazy, and make a closing speech, in which he was to see the figure of his mistress and fancy her dead—and all that. O if he will do that well, thought I, it will wind it up roundly, and drive the past from remembrance. He thrust out his arms delightfully. He made up precisely the proper tragic face: Its all right thought I. Alas, poor fellow! every word had slipped his mind! Exhausted with anxiety and fatigue, he had to *make up* something extempore to end with! Creation! Out it came!—and here's a specimen! Here's a sample of what I had to father! Here is a part of my beautiful end! It almost proved to be my end indeed.

'Oh I see her—I see her! No, no I don't! Yes, now I do! She's gone again! Now I see her again! All in white! There, there she is! No she aint! Yes, she is! Yes, I've got her! Yes! yes! yes!'—and to my inexpressible relief and satisfaction, he fell backwards and died! The play was over!

I wouldn't pass another two such hours for a world!

They gave me three cheers—through pity, thought I.

The next morning, the only characters praised in one of the public prints, were those personated by Mrs B— and Mr L—, the only two who knew anything of their parts. Mrs B— with but two days' notice, was all that I could have wished her. At her benefit I shall do my mite to show my gratitude. We shall also remember Mr L.

This was the case. Mrs B— and Mr L— acted with Christian benevolence. Mr S— was sick. He could *not* study. He did wonderfully well, considering the circumstances. Messrs J— and G— were dissatisfied, and resolved to do all the mischief they could—and Mr A— didn't care any thing about the play, wouldn't trouble himself to study, and let things work as they might.

How completely an author is in the power of the actors! They can make him or damn him at discretion. We have since wielded the pen in a public print, as its editor. O that we had had the same power *then!* We would have basted the refractory fellows with a vengeance! Messrs J— and G— are two of the best actors in the United States of America, compare them with whom you will from Maine to Georgia. There's good nature for you! We have forgiven them, and like them well *now!*—but we couldn't help showing them what we thought of their conduct. As we said before, the murder would out.

The most honest criticism on the play appeared in a certain paper called the Galaxy, from the pen of its editor, Mr Weld, a paper noted we trust, for its truth and honest independence.

So ends my egotistical nondescript.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTERS FROM WASHINGTON—NO V.
FIRST OF JANUARY—PRESIDENT'S LEVEE—PERSONALITY.

WASHINGTON, JAN. 2, 1836.

HARK! 'twas the last sigh of an old friend,—and yet he died easily, and with a bundle of newspapers, an empty hamper of champaign, the ashes of a hundred Spanish segars, and a roll of unpaid bills, we buried 1835, as decently as the late hour would admit, in the tomb of his fathers.—Posterity will erect a tomb-stone to his memory and the days that are to come will inscribe an epitaph thereon. He died in Washington at 12 o'clock dark meridian, surrounded by a numerous circle of his particular friends and enemies—and left to the tender mercies of the present generation a small chap of a fellow whom the calendar makers have christened by the euphonic title of Eighteen-hundred and thirty-six.—Certain it is that he was born in a glorious era, and now amid the smiles and sunshine of the most lovely weather the young Apollo has been gathering strength from the mighty events that must eventually overthrow him. As usual, the particular friend of the American people, the President, opened his mansion to the curious of all ages, all climes, and almost all colors—about twelve the pannelled doors swung upon their silent hinges and gave admission free to a curious and motley crowd.—The first object that arrested the attention, or rather pulled you by the nose, was the odor from a massive cubic looking body stretched at full rotundity upon the floor of the vestibule. It neither breathed, stirred, or spoke, and yet it seemed a distinguished stranger, to whom all heads bowed in humble admiration. No star of rank or ribbon of knighthood glittered or fluttered on his ponderous and colossal breast, but various demonstrations of democratic simplicity and pride were blazoned over his person—drawing myself up into a European attitude, I approached, quizzing glass in hand, through the foul smelling throng to pay my obedience to what appeared to me to be the Grand Seignor, sitting, *a la Turk*, upon the floor. I drew nigh unto his royal person—I thought that there were too many cheese-mongers about him, so freighted was the air with the horrid odor. I was within polite speaking distance of royalty—the crowd drew back as they marked my respectful advance; the Grand Turk moved not a feature—I looked for the flashing eye, the thick beard of Mahomet, when lo! horror of horrors! it was the *Mammoth Cheese!* Verily, thought I, as I snuffed up the confirmation and rushed away, this New York Colonel who has wrought this huge tabernacle of milk will ere long have a *living monument to his fame*. Upon my word, friend Harrington, your correspondent has not entirely recovered from the shock, and ever and anon I shudder as the recollection of that scene stalks like a banquet ghost across the bridge street of my nose. Leaving the god of vulgar idolatry to make an Araby around his sacred person, I hastened on to grasp by the right hand the venerable Chief Magistrate—surrounded by a gang of parasites and man-worshippers I found the Hero, and extending my hand found it shook by him as if he was grasping a broad-sword. He looked very warlike and I was afraid lest that he had taken me for a Frenchman. 'The combat deepens,' and bevy after bevy of sweet smiling people and simpering gentlemen in gold spectacles and pumps hurried to the East room. Of course I followed in the current of fashion and so different was the atmosphere from that of the hall of entree that I shut my eyes and stalked along borne forward, as I imagined, by a stream of beauty with all sails filled with breath from opening rose buds. 'Lovely scene,' exclaimed in a soft lisping tone a lady at my side; I turned and discovered that she was addressing herself to a young man with a clean shirt bosom on: 'how beautifully the rooms are furnished and how soft the Turkey carpet is.' 'Yes,' replied the knight of the alabaster shirt bosom, 'wherever you place your foot, 'tis like an angel's step—rocks would be transformed to flowers.' Poetry, thought I unto myself, and on we went. My ear is a lightning rod, it catches the flashes of wit and the blazes of eloquence,—and this letter shall be the safety-valve unto that conductor of the electricity.

'Do you *chaw?*' said a personage with his coat buttoned up to the chin, as he eyed a sappling of a boy of twenty-two or three years of age out of the corner of his uplifted left. 'Yes,' said the inquired of, 'but there is no spit-box here and it won't do to spit upon the carpets.' Two minutes after I saw my friend of the button-up-to-the-collar-coat squirting his tobacco juice on a splendid *rug*. Carpets are too good to use for that purpose. Ladies make their visit at the Levee in their walking-dresses and after promenading to the music of the Marine Band, they decamp into their various clubs of small talk and scandal.—Messrs Clay, [illegible], Webster, and White also received company on that day.

Give me a carving-knife—I want to use up for the public benefit, a friend—I have him laid out upon my table and though he begs hard to be let off, I will demolish him. Let me look, however, at the bill of fare. A certain paper ycleped the *Pearl*, and published as all the world knows, or ought to know, in the goodly city of Boston, has had the hardihood to print from a certain letter, the description of your best friend upon earth and no less a person than your dear and faithful correspondent. A pretty picture that said letter-writer has painted of me, truly. Grant that it be true, and which is *very like*, I will, nevertheless, return the blow. I have whetted my jack-knife on the 119th page of the 15th No. of the fifth Vol. of the aforesaid *Pearl*, and now shall proceed to the operation. My subject is a nice one and requires delicate handling—he signs himself 'O,' and if I don't make him sing out 'Ah!' before I have done with him, then I am no sausage-chopper. He is an honest fellow, I believe—that is he pays his debts: eats well and is a most excellent *sleeper*—a man of some personal adornment and exceedingly erratic in his progress through the sphere into which circumstances may place him. He carries a volume of Phrenology in the front of his face in the shape of a broad and projecting forehead. He is a poet, that is he carries about with him a red morocco Album, in which I have had the perfidy to write. He is to do him justice, a genius; a man of extensive information, and often do I sit beneath the shadow of a wine bottle and admire the good humor that sits like a divinity upon his honest face. The Pearl may truly be proud of him as a correspondent, but it will sink itself if it permits its pages to be burthened with any more *profiles to the life*.

I cannot close my remarks upon this correspondent of the Pearl without winding up his Eulogy by an oration of a line in length—*he has loaned me five dollars*—and I am indebted to him for my portrait taken at one sitting by his pencil. And once for all I shake hands with him and pledge him my broad acres of a heart, and hope that he will laugh as much over my full-length of him, as I and my wife did over his '*true picture of a distinguished non-Loafer*.'

I have some interesting matter for next week's letter. H. J. B.

SLIPS FROM THE RECTANGULAR CITY.—NO. VI.

SOCIETY.

'OUR distinguished countryman'—Mr Willis, you remember, declares himself not a little surprised at the facility with which the guests at Gordon castle, arranged themselves at the dinner table. The travelled poet apparently forgot that in a land of nobles, the order of precedence was *a priori*, adjusted. Mr Willis's unmerciful reviewer in the Quarterly, comments upon this forgetfulness of his hero, and suggests that at a fashionable dinner in New York, it would doubtless prove quite difficult satisfactorily to arrange the places at the board. Now, friend Harrington, it's a great mistake to suppose that titles alone, create differences of rank. Why, I can scarcely imagine more absolutely fixed divisions, grades and orders, than exist *here*, among that postion of society designated the upper class. In the first place, there are the ancient families who trace their descent directly from the original settlers—the Biddles, Norrises, etc. who constitute an aristocracy among themselves; then we have a class who are, *par eminence, the* fashionable; next innumerable *cliques* united by a common interest in Science; add to these, the coteries which a mercantile community naturally produces from the mass of its practical and operative members, and you can imagine how many distinct spheres this population includes.

Party-giving and party-going prevail to a very great extent here. There are the Wister parties, so called from their venerable founder, Dr Wister—which are weekly assemblies of gentlemen only, convened ostensibly for the discussion of science—terrapins and oysters. But, in my mind, decidedly the most interesting parties, are the musical *soirees*. On these occasions, there is frequently afforded a gratification, about which there is no mistake.

The basis of Philadelphia Society was laid among the followers of Penn. It is curious enough to note the modifications which time and fashion have wrought. A goodly array of staunch friends there is, indeed; but the rising generation are rapidly degenerating from the simple practices of their fathers. I have been struck with the fact that the gayest ladies encountered in society, are those whom marriage with the world's people has absolved from the restraints of Quakerism. According to a well-known characteristic of our nature, when untethered, they are inclined to 'go the whole,' and gladly exchange the half-nunneries of the houses of their youth for the exciting glare of fashionable life, to which Cupid is pioneer.

The Philadelphians are more open to social recreation, because business here is not so arduously pursued as at the North. People walk Chestnut-street, when it's not too cold, almost as leisurely as the Europeans promenade their cities. A certain quiet, loitering aspect broods over, even the business men. Most of their transactions being with Western merchants, business is more *periodical* than in some other localities. You don't see the hurry and bustle of New York, nor the mechanical regularity of Boston, but something between the two.

The most instructive Society is among professional men, the most formal among the Quakers, the most entertaining among the musical amateurs. If you ever come here, beware broaching any literary topic beyond the last novel.—*A blue* here is singularly abominated. The other evening at a party, a lady directed my attention to a figure in the corner of the room. Gazing thither, I beheld a tall damsel in white, with an azure belt, gloves, and head band, and gold spectacles, left, like Sir John More, 'alone in her glory.' What think you was the explanation of this phenomenon?—She wrote poetry! The blue trappings were assumed, I presume, on the same principle that his Satanic majesty wears a purple tip on his horns—a friendly beacon to warn off the inadvertent. Here and there, scattered over this densely populated collection of brick domicils, is a Yankee. This species succeed here, as elsewhere, marvellously. I know a Yankee clergyman, doctor, schoolmaster, merchant and editor, all of whom came here a few years since, with no capital but their wits, who now are in the full tide of prosperity.

Worthy and enlightened beings are there, many and true, among the Philadelphians. Beauty, too, of various kinds and degrees obtains; those favored of Plutus, and many whom Euterpe has blessed, here abide. In some respects, Philadelphia surpasses every American city in its resemblance to certain European capitals. Its extent, regularity, verdant squares, and the number of foreign residents, together with a certain elegance of exterior and domestic arrangements, are features which remind one of the continent. But as to more intimate similitudes, why, a bona-fide continental would find pretty much the same discrepancy that a Greek told me the other day, he discovered between our Troy and the veritable Ilium, where, said he, 'instead of the Temple of Jove, I found Deacon Hart's house! Hospitable and warm-hearted are the Philadelphians. Do you remember Tom Moore's tribute? With its spirit I can sympathise. Wishing you and your wife (an editorial friend of mine, calls his paper, his wife), to whom I see you're becoming more and more devoted—a happy new year, I must, for the present, say—Adieu.

Philadelphia, Jan 4, 1836.

SCRAPS FROM BALTIMORE.

BALTIMORE, Dec 30, 1835.

WELL—here I am in the city of mobs and monuments,—I can't help designating it thus, for, from my window at Barnum's noble hotel, I look down upon one of the most beautiful and chastely designed monuments I have ever seen, erected in commemoration of the battle at North Point, during the late War; and have but to glance my eye a few paces to the left, to see the broken fragments and ruins, thrown together in admirable confusion, just as it was hastily done on the day succeeding the famous riot, of one of the most splendid private residences in the city. It is a shame that the city authorities do not have these reproachful memorials of the late lawless acts of an excited populace removed; and this is not the only trace of the doings of the rabble,—two or three houses more still remain as left by the mob, and their owners seem little disposed to make any movement towards repairing them. While on this subject, I will just mention that the mob cases are now coming up daily before the Court, and that in every instance where proof of a participation in the riots can be found, conviction is sure to follow. In one of the city papers are given daily reports of the trials, in which all the names and circumstances transpire,—this the mobites hate most desperately; but it is doing good. The public can at once see who is the honest citizen and who the lawless incendiary.

I am delighted with the situation of Baltimore—indeed I have always thought its location far superior for natural beauty to any other city of importance in the Union. When viewed from Fort McHenry at the entrance of the harbor, it presents a beautiful and striking appearance; the whole city sweeping around the gently rising hills, like a vast amphitheatre; while far beyond, crowning the various eminences, are seen white summer-houses and country residences, cheerfully indicative of the taste, as well as the wealth of its citizens. There is a *Fair Mount* here; but any one who has seen the Fair Mount Water Works at Philadelphia, will be surprised that this poor establishment, half-finished and prostituted to purposes which prevent its being visited by the families of respectable citizens, should be so misnamed.

You know that Baltimore is famed for beautiful ladies. Well, after promenading Broadway and the Bowery in New York for a week, and strolling up and down Chestnut and Arch streets in Philadelphia for a like period, taking particular note of every thing curious to the eye of a stranger especially of the fair fashionables who were forever glancing by almost like beautiful visions of the fancy, I have indulged in the same pleasure for several days on Market street, and must certainly yield the palm to Baltimore. In one hour's walk in Baltimore, on a pleasant afternoon, you will see more really handsome women than you will meet in New York in a day, or in Philadelphia in half that time. In New York the ladies dress themselves to death, but it won't do—in Philadelphia they are very neat and very elegant in carriage and graceful in manner; but in Baltimore, they combine with neatness, some elegance and great personal beauty—indeed, my heart has been well nigh lost a dozen times since I have been here, of which you have a strong evidence in my leaving the interests of the nation and the weightier matters of the law, to talk of the beautiful daughters of Eve.

Of things in Washington, your attentive correspondent there, will of course keep you well advised, so I need not tire you with a reiteration of news from the capital, although just now all eyes are turned there with a strong interest. So far it cannot be said what will be the result of our present position in regard to France. If Mr Barton is really on his way home as per last advices, then of course all negotiation between the two countries will at once cease; this event will call for the adoption of decisive measures by Congress, which will in all probability lead to collision. Those who in opinion lean towards peace, think that so soon as the Chambers receive the President's Message, they will consider it apologetic and at once pay the first instalment on the indemnity; but if we have no representative in France, how will negotiation be carried on? That agitation of the Abolition question was a bad movement in Congress—it was evidently intended to divide the House, if possible, upon this agitating subject; but it got its quietus. The South is now going mad in its opposition to abolition—injuring themselves, and discouraging their friends at the North. No agent connected with a northern publishing house, is now safe in travelling through the southern states. But a few weeks since, one to my own knowledge, who was a violent opposer of Abolition schemes at heart, was forced to abandon his attempts to carry an Atlas into the South, although he had been engaged in the business of procuring subscriptions to various works for years, and was well known through most of the States beyond the Potomac. At Richmond, he was threatened with 'Lynching' on a mere suspicion, and after attempting in vain to remove the unwarrantable prejudice against him, was forced to return. Combinations are forming in some places, to exclude works from certain houses in New York and Boston, and many other indications are apparent of a disposition to let their prejudices get the better of their reason. This state of things is unfortunate—it injures by a blind policy, mutual friends, while the blows are directed at an enemy. I have just opened the Carolina Gazette, published at Charleston, and am surprised to find a work by Mrs Child, 'Condition of Women,' denounced in bitter terms as containing prejudiced statements and slanders respecting the South—and also an indelicate anecdote relating to a South Carolinian lady which is stamped as false coinage; it is further stated that this work and several others have been indignantly returned to the publishers in Boston. I have not seen this work, but cannot think that Mrs Child is guilty to the extent represented, and that the over-sensitiveness of Southern prejudice has construed that which was innocently spoken, into cause of offence.

PUNNING. It has been said that sensible men never pun. George Canning (pretty well as to gumption) went with others to view a painting representing the entry of the animals into the ark. The Elephant was last in the train. A gentleman present expressed his surprize that the Elephant, the largest of the animals should be so tardy and asked Canning, how it should happen; the Prime Minister answered 'that it was the most natural thing in the world—he had no doubt been detained in packing up his *trunk*.'

John Philpot Curran being told by his physician, on the morning before his death, that he coughed with more difficulty than he did the evening before, replied with a smile, 'I am surprised at that, for I have been practising to my utmost, all night.'

A question arose between a presiding Judge of one of our Courts and the late Mr Bigelow, as to the effect of proxies when the Judge remarked that he who does a thing by another, does it by himself, and quoted the Latin maxim *facit per alium, facit per se*, and in the case at bar, said he, whether one was or the other, it is the same thing.—Mr B. acknowledged the principle, but said in his own pleasant way, that in case of a snow-storm or a northeaster, it would not be the same; at any rate, said he, '*for my own part* I should prefer to *face it per aliam!*'

Robert T. Paine, Esq. the poet, having written a prologue, introductory to a new play, met, at the Theatre, on the evening of performance, with many other friends, the late Sheriff Bell. One of the company complimented Mr Paine and said: 'You see, sir, how many of your friends come to witness the efforts of genius.' Yes, said he, and I know of no one among them of stronger *attachment* than friend Bell.

NEW-ENGLAND GALAXY.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1836.

HONESTY.

ONE would imagine from the signification of this word, that its limits could be strictly defined, and that its meaning could not be made the subject of speculation. This idea is very far from the truth; and although the announcement may startle many who have not considered the subject, yet it is a fact, that Honesty varies even in the estimation of the same individuals, in much the same manner that stock rises and falls in the market. This is most observable in mercantile affairs. When the community is in a highly flourishing state, and money is plenty, then is Honesty confined within the narrowest limits; and great is the measure of condemnation if those limits be not carefully observed; but when a scarcity of that which is denominated the root of all evil prevails, then conscience seems to relax its grasp upon the mind; and men are willing, without imagining that they do evil, to perform those acts, which in other times, they would shrink from accomplishing.

But there are some rules and practices in vogue among us, which many have received without questioning and have uniformly acted upon them, apparently contrary to propriety and justice; and the knowledge of a transaction which has lately come to our ears, performed under cover of one of these rules, has excited us to make a few general remarks.

The sentiment of one of these rules is, that every man in his business has a right to make use of his knowledge to the best advantage. This seems fair and proper; but it is carried often to an unwarrantable extent. At other times, the manner of its use admits of a question, as to its moral correctness; and wherever there is the least *doubt* in morals, be sure there is a little something wrong. It is better to be *too* honest, if we may use the expression, that to subject ourself to an iota of suspicion.

Let us adduce an example. Some years ago, a Captain came into this port with molasses. There was a scarcity of the article in the market, and he made a bargain for the sale of his cargo at a high price. Before the agreement was completed, the Captain found out that another vessel had arrived with molasses. Of course this would lower the price, and the Captain informed his customer of the arrival, and told him that if he did not wish to close his bargain, he was at liberty to retract; which he did. The Captain was generally blamed, and the argument was used that he had a right to make use of his knowledge to his best advantage.

Now the Captain knew that if he concealed the fact of the arrival of the other vessel, he would himself make more money, and his purchaser would *lose* a considerable sum. Certain is it, that the Captain deserved praise for exhibiting a high tone of honesty. Whether an opposite course would have been dishonest, we leave it to our readers to decide.

Another instance of the same kind. Two vessels were bound to Baltimore lately with Oranges. The brig —— being a fast sailer, passed its competitor at the mouth of the Chesapeake. There was an immediate demand for his cargo, and he sold it all at a very high rate. He was asked by a buyer whether he saw the other vessel. He answered—no. He was *morally* certain that he had seen the ship; but he could not have sworn to it. The next morning the purchasers of his oranges found the other vessel at the wharf, and oranges fell immediately from five or six dollars a box to about two and a half. Whether *this* was *strictly* honesty, although upheld by the general voice, we leave to our readers as before.

Men should be careful where they follow precedents of this kind, not to suffer themselves to be swayed a hair from their sense of right; otherwise they will be led on by degrees until they unconsciously indulge in practices actually immoral. The best questions to ask yourself are: *Am I taking advantage of another for my own aggrandisement! Do I unto others as I would be done by?*

We sometimes hear it said of a man—He is *too honest* for a merchant. It cannot be that success in trade requires dishonesty. It would be well to investigate whence this idea arises. We may recur to the subject again.

OUR ALMS-HOUSES AND PENITENTIARIES.

'Come over by all means,' was the postscript to a letter from a pauper inmate of one of our Alms-Houses, to his brother in Ireland. 'Come over by all means!' read the body of the letter: 'Its a fine place this Amerika, for we hadn't been here two weeks before meself, Kathleen and babies were taken to an ilegant house with a park round it, as handsome as Lord ——'s castle. And here have we been staying for mure nor three months, and feeding upon the best of beef and praties from Monday to Sunday again, without ever paying a ha'penny, or doing a stroke of work, barring a little picking of ropes that we do at odd times by way of amusement like.'

Come over by all means!—indeed. It is such accounts, and the facilities with which foreigners are admitted into our charitable institutions that has tended so much to deprive of charity those for whom such institutions were founded. Who is there of the virtuous and industrious needy that will avail themselves of the privilege of an alms-house while such swine herd there? There are none.

Our Penitentiaries too, what are they? Palaces, to half their inmates. A New Bedford paper tells a story of an Irishman, committed to jail for contempt of court, who immediately addressed a letter to the judge thanking him for sending him there, as he had not had so comfortable a home, he said, for many a year. We do not doubt but the fellow was absolutely thankful for the shelter provided him during the cold months. One half of the vagrant inmates in our House of Correction bless the sentence that sent them to so good a home. Indeed it is no uncommon thing, we are told, for the Judges of the Police Court to have applications from persons who have been once there, to be re-admitted.—Why is it?—the answer is ready—they live too well.

Mere imprisonment, with better food than they obtain when free, is no punishment to such persons as fill the House of Correction. We would give them little else than Graham fare—bread and water,—and then the candidates for entrance would soon diminish. Our alms-houses should receive none except the really helpless and decrepit.

THE DRAMA.

LA SOMNAMBULA has drawn crowded and enthusiastic houses during the week. The music improves on acquaintance, and those who have heard its sweet sounds once, wend their way to the Tremont again and again. The Woods leave us on Monday next. We can add nothing to the praises we have already bestowed upon them. We can only bid them, farewell!

Miss Kerr's valuable talents have been put in requisition in the first act during the week, to the infinite annoyance of the lovers of grace, and to the detriment of the effect of the scene. We regret, with the correspondent of the Post, that the Warren has been deprived of her important aid.

We received on Monday last the following note:

'Dear sir,

I was much surprised at your criticism on Mr Andrews's Dandie Dinmont. You condemn his covering his face before eating. Now the same thing *made* an actor in Edinburgh, and Mr A undoubtedly copied from him. I cannot see any impropriety in it. It is natural to the character and is rather a beauty than a blemish. Knowing you will excuse the liberty I have taken, I remain,

Yours, &c. —— ——.

Very excusable; but altogether unconvincing. Now let us look at the point. Dandie is a sottish, good-natured, rough fellow. There is as little of the *moral* in him as possible. He is about to eat upon the stage. Mr Andrews, ere he sits down, makes him to say, 'Stop a minute'—and then covering his face, pretends to say grace.—This is the matter which we condemned, and which we persist in condemning.

We believe Walter Scott makes him do it in the novel—but even that is no argument why it should be done on the stage. There are many things which take place in ordinary life which would shock the feelings if exhibited there. What is the effect of it on the audience?—a solemn one? Are there evidences that they appreciate the act?—No—it excites a loud laugh. This alone is a sufficient reason why it should be discontinued. It brings ridicule upon sacred things.

We have received during the week another note, which we publish that we may answer a question which it contains:

'Your weekly remarks upon the Theatre. Mr Editor, meet with my warmest approbation. You have evid... labored to give your readers the honest truth. I de... much upon your weekly issue. When are you goin... give another stroke at the re-reform in the Third Row

Respectfully, yours, &c. ——

Very soon—we answer to the query; probably ... week. We can assure our friend that we cannot af... to suffer the Tremont to remain with so foul a blot upo... escutcheon.

A correspondent of the Atlas, quoting our remark upon the closing finale of La Somnambula, that it was too monotonous and subdued, advises us to remember the ... tion of Amina, and we shall think better of it. In our view her situation is just the contrary. She has been restored to Elvino, has sung her brilliant song, 'Ah! ... mingle'—and the piece should close with a grand ch... of joy. Instead of which you only hear the orchestra.

SCRAPS, LOOSE THOUGHTS, &c.

AN OLD ANECDOTE—BUT A GOOD ONE! A New Hampshire farmer, speaking of the qualities of his oxen, said that they could draw twice as much down hill as they could up, and said he supposed the reason was, because *they could get so much better foot-hold!*

Judge Trumbull (McFingal) was a Tutor in Yale College and with him in the same service, was one possessing more scholarship than good breeding, but was much beloved by his pupils. To shew their respect for him, they presented him a gold ring, with the words *plus meruit* engraved upon it—he was proud of his present and took pains to show it and to speak of the inscription in the hearing of his fellow tutors. Dr Dwight who was one of them said to Trumbull, 'what can the fellow merit more?' 'A yoke, to be sure,' said Trumbull, 'the law requires it.'

N. B. By a statute of Connecticut and of this commonwealth, certain four-legged animals are prohibited from going at large unless they shall be both yoked and ringed.

BROOKS'S LETTERS. The letters of this gentleman, written for the Portland Advertiser, of the best, if not itself the *very* best whig paper in New England, appear to be written in all manner of humors. They are good, better, bad, worse, good again, then grand and again bad and good to the end of the chapter. The only fault is consequent on the extreme hurry in which so great a number of letters, as he has transmitted to his publishers, must have been written. However, bad as they are, they are good enough to republish in the Galaxy, and that is saying a little in their favor. Our readers will continue to find a treat in the perusal of them on our last page.

A CRITIC. Major Noah, of the New York Star, has the credit of being a great theatrical critic, perhaps, because he sits in the pit and brags that he pays for his admission. However we doubt whether he has actually d... Jack Reeve, although he may have written the Gothamites into a dislike of him. Jack has too much of the genuine comic vein in him to be so easily hid under a bushel. The Philadelphians ar delighted with him. If he comes here, the *Galaxy* will mete him his deserts, be they for good or for evil.

WANT OF DIGNITY. The paragraphs below are from the New York American. We are sorry Congress is obliged to own any man so wanting in self-respect, no matter what the provocation may be, as is evinced in the note which has brough the gentleman into print.

We have seen an *envelope* addressed to Arthur Tappan and *gang*, franked by *J. Speight*, a member of Congress from North Carolina, containing a piece of rope with this sensible, liberal and manly *envoi*.

'I herewith return you your protest, enclosing as a testimony of my high regard for your necks, a piece of rope. You will no doubt duly appreciate my motives.

Washington, 2d Jan. 1836. J. SPEIGHT.

The paper thus returned, was the printed Protest of the American Anti-Slavery society against the denunciations of the President of the U. S. in his Message—a copy of which had been sent to each member of Congress—a document signed by *Arthur Tappan, William Jay*, and others.

ALL SORTS OF WEATHER. Monday, snow—Tuesday, rain and snow—Wednesday, rain and drizzle—Thursday, snow, rain and drizzle—Friday, overcast, snowy and damp.—Saturday—uncertain. There is a spell of weather for you. Think what a blessed climate New Englanders enjoy.

Our friend at Baltimore will hear from us next week.

LADY'S BOOK, for January. A magazine of forty eight pages a month, of interesting reading matter and well printed on good paper is not dear at three dollars per year. It would be a severe dose, however, to suffer as an infliction once a month of such abominable engravings as illustrate the January number. Our word for it, Mr Godey, ... it in going to the expense of *such engravings*—your magazine is worth its price without them.

DOINGS OF CONGRESS.

SENATE Dec. 30. Mr. Shepley introduced his bill of the last session to put goods and merchandise exported from any of the tide waters to ports North and East of the U. S. according to the provisions of the law, on the same footing, in reference to drawback, with other exports to foreign ports.—referred to the Committee on Commerce.

A debate ensued on Mr. Calhoun's resolutions requiring the reducing or repealing the duties on Manufactures, in which Messrs. Davis, Clay, and Calhoun joined. The resolutions, instructing the Committee on Manufactures to report a bill was agreed to.

HOUSE. Mr. Crary, representative elect from Michigan, was admitted into the Hall as a spectator.

A long debate ensued on the petition of the banks of the District of Columbia—without arriving at any conclusion, the House adjourned.

No business of consequence was transacted in either House of Congress on Thursday. In the House of Representatives, Messrs. Galiborne and Dickson, members from Mississippi, appeared, were qualified, and took their seats. The resolution of Mr. Thomas, relative to the Banks in the District of Columbia, was taken up, but no definitive question was taken thereon. Both Houses adjourned over to Monday.

MONDAY, JAN. 4. The Senate were engaged in discussing the Judiciary bill, which, after being amended in several particulars, was laid on the table.

IN THE HOUSE. Several petitions were presented—among them, one by Mr Adams for the abolition of Slavery in the District of Columbia. Mr A. gave notice that he intended to move to lay it on the table. Mr Glasscock, of Va., moved to reject it—which motion gave rise to a debate which lasted until the House adjourned.

The following select committee on the subject of Banks in the District of Columbia was announced;—Messrs Thomas of Maryland;—Pierce of New Hampshire, Reed, May, Beaumont, Huntsman, Pinckney, Garland and Claiborne.

No Message had been transmitted to Congress by the President, upon our relations with France, and it was thought there would be none until further despatches. M. Pageot, the French Charge, was to dispose of his personal effects on Wednesday, at auction, preparatory to his leaving the country soon—but that step was not regarded as indicating any hostile intentions on the part of his government. The nomination of Mr Kendall, as Postmaster General, had been referred in the Senate to the Committee on Post Offices and Post Roads—and it was confidently reported that, after a close examination of the affairs of the Department, they had determined to report in favor of the confirmation of the nomination.

MASSACHUSETTS LEGISLATURE.

At 11 o'clock Wednesday morning, Mr. Blake, senior member of the Boston delegation, called the House to order, and a committee was appointed to ascertain if a quorum was present. Having reported that there was, a committee was appointed to inform Gov. Armstrong that the members present were ready to be qualified and proceed to business. The Governor, preceded by the Sergeant at Arms, and accompanied by the Secretary of State and the Honorable Council, then entered the Hall of Representatives, and the oaths and affirmations prescribed by the Constitution were made and prescribed.

The House then proceeded to the choice of a clerk; the whole number of votes reported, was 560—necessary to a choice, 281. Luther S. Cushing was elected, having received 425 votes; J. A. Kingsbury had 13...

The House then proceeded to the choice of Speaker, when the whole number of votes was found to be 565—J. A. Rockwell, had 424—R. Rantoul, 139—scattering 2. Mr. Rockwell took the chair.

The Senate was called to order by the Hon Leonard M. Parker, from Middlesex, senior member of the Senate. Messrs Fairbanks, Sage and Cushing were appointed to receive, sort and count the votes for Speaker, which resulted after 13 ballotings, in the choice of ...

Hon. Horace Mann. The vote stood, on the last balot, for Seth Whitmarsh, 14—Horace Mann, 20—Scattering 2.

The organization having been completed, a committee was appointed to inform the acting Governor and Council that both branches of the Legislature were ready to attend public worship.

The Governor and Council, the members of the Senate and House of Representatives, then repaired to the Old South Church, where the annual sermon was preached by the Rev. Andrew Bigelow, of Taunton.

Thursday, Jan. 7—In Senate. Messrs Parker, Flint and Fairbanks, were appointed a committee to prepare rules and orders for the Senate.

On motion of Mr. Sage, ordered, that the members of the Senate be furnished with such newspapers as they may direct, not exceeding three per day.

Friday at half-past 11 o'clock, was assigned for the choice of a Sergeant at Arms, on the part of the Senate.

In the House—Messrs Fuller of Norton, Walker of Taunton, and Fuller of Newton, were appointed a committee to wait on the Rev. Andrew Bigelow, and present him the thanks of the House for his very interesting and appropriate address, delivered yesterday, before the Legislature, and request a copy for the press.

The annual report of the Attorney General was presented, and the same ordered to be printed.

An order was presented by Mr. H. Williams of Boston, for the appointment of a committee to investigate the conduct of the several Banks in this city, which was laid on the table and ordered to be printed.

Mr. Rantoul, of Gloucester, moved that a commitee be appointed to report any alterations that ought to be made in the provisions of the law, relating to Attorneys and Counsellors; and Messrs Rantoul, of Gloucester, Hancock, of Dudley, and Whittemore, of Cambridge were appointed a committee.

A message was received from Mr. Leonard M. Parker, member elect from Shirley, declining his seat; he having been elected a senator, and having taken his seat as such. On motion of Mr. Rantoul, of Gloucester, it was ordered that a precept be issued to the town of Shirley, to elect, if they please, a member in the place of Mr. Parker.

Messrs Hudson and Williams of Boston, of the Senate, and Messrs Ashman of Springfield, Rantoul of Gloucester, and Winthrop of Boston, of the House, were appointed a committee to prepare rules and orders for the two branches.

Friday, at 11 o'clock, was assigned for the choice of a chaplain of this House. Adjourned.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Later from England. The packet ship St. James Capt Sebor, has arrived at New York from London, by which London papers to the 21st inst have been received. The papers contain many speculations relating to the affairs between America and France—but generally consider that war will not result from the difficulties at present existing.

London, Nov 20. The circumstance of a war insurance having been effected at Lloyd's on a French merchant vessel from Bordeaux to Sumatra, indicates that the apprehension of a rupture between France and the United States is beginning to be entertained by certain persons engaged in commerce.

A duel was fought at Hampshire, on the 10th November, between Mr. Roebuck M. P. for Bath and radical agent from Canada, and Mr. Black, editor of the Morning Chronicle.

The Thames tunnel is still in progress, with prospects of success.

The experiment of planted mulberry trees at Algiers, is about to be commenced on a large scale; the sugar cane is also to be cultivated there.

Surveys for numerous rail roads are in progress, in various parts of France. Principally from the capital to various sea-ports. Another is nearly completed from Brussels to Antwerp.

The splendid and extraordinary Aurora Borealis, of the 17th of November, was visible in London. The members of the fire establishment were kept on the alarm all night, travelling back and forth, supposing the light to proceed from some great fire.

The French government have determined to do away with the 'turning boxes,' or receptacles for foundlings.

Mr. O'Connell has published a long letter in reply to the statement of Mr. Raphael. Mr. R. in a short rejoinder, says that the affair will become the subject of a parliamentary inquiry.

The King of Bavaria was to set out on a visit to his son Otho, King of Greece, on the 10th, of November.

English stage coaches are about to be introduced into Portugal.

A horrible tragedy occurred in Utica, on the 27th ult in a family by the name of Farnsworth. The domestic of the house, early in the morning, discovered a quantity of blood on the floor, and her master and mistress weltering in blood, both with their throats cut. She immediately ran to alarm a young man who occupied a room in the same house, and found him perfectly lifeless, his head beaten into pieces, and brains scattered over the floor. It is supposed Farnsworth was jealous, and committed the horrible deed from that cause.—*Courier.*

James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, died on the 21st. Nov., at his residence on the banks of the Barow.—He would have been 60 years old, if he had lived until the 25th inst.

Another Warning. We are informed that a child of Mr Ebenezer Ramsdell, of Kensington, was burned so severely in consequence of her clothes taking fire on Tuesday last, that she survived but seven hours—she was burned to a crisp from her feet to her head. Her parents were both abroad when the accident happened, and as they were returning home met their child entirely naked running towards them. She was about eight years old.—*Exeter (N. H.) News Letter.*

Gaoler's Report. The semi-annual return of debtors and criminals, &c. in the Boston goal, ending December 26th, states that three persons only were confined at that time for debt. Number of criminals—thirty four—committed by the Courts of this Commonwealth.—*Journal.*

A new census of the State of Illinois has recently been taken, the details of which have not yet been received, but the aggregate population is found to be about 275,000 or a gain of 117,425, nearly 75 per cent in five years! This flourishing State has entirely grown up within thirty five years, the population in 1800, being only 215.

We have been informed, that the Post Master of Amherst, Mr Strong, has commenced an action against the editor of the Courier for a Libel on his character.—*Northampton Republican.*

Good Farming. Major Nathaniel Mowry, of Smithfield, raised, on one acre of ground, the past season, one hundred and two bushels of corn.—*Providence Journal.*

Re-appearance of the Comet. Tutor Loomis of Yale College, announces in the New Haven Herald of Thursday the re-appearance of Halley's comet.—It is now to be seen in the east.

Seasonable Relief.—The Steamboat Robert L. Stevens, on her way up from New York to Poughkeepsie Tuesday, when in the bay five miles below Caldwell, saw signals of distress from two sloops. Captain Brown immediately put about the steamboat, and went to their relief. The sloops were frozen in, and their crews and passengers had been two days without food. After supplying them liberally with provisions, Captain Brown assisted to clear the sloops from the ice, and then towed them both into a safe harbor. But for the seasonable appearance and generous assistance of the Robert L. Stevens, the persons on board the sloops must have perished, as no other means of relief were at hand.—*Albany Evening Journal.*

On Sunday a young girl, about 12 years of age, daughter of Mr. Kenly, stone cutter, residing at Chelsea, was most shockingly burnt, by her clothes taking fire. After suffering the most excruciatin pains, she died at 3 o'clock Monday morning.

We learn from Briggs Bulletin, that in the Court of Common Pleas at Cambridge, on Wednesday, Dr. Walker of Charlestown, was convicted of an assault on a member of the Boston Fire Department.

Fire.—The three frame buildings on the corner of North Pearl and Van Schaick-sts., immediately south of the north Dutch Church, were destroyed by fire on Wednesday evening about 7 o'clock.—*Albany Argus.*

The alarm of fire between 9 and 10 o'clock Wednesday evening was from a dwelling house in rear of Rev. Mr. Mott's Church, Castle Street. It was extinguished with slight damage.

Timber Wanted.—The Orono Land Co. advertise for contracts for the purchase of pine and spruce logs to the amount of 20,000,000 feet annually, for six years, to be delivered at their mills in Orono.

B. F. FOSTER,

TEACHER of Penmanship and Book Keeping, 116, Washington street. Classes, morning, afternoon and evening. july 11

PARLEY'S MAGAZINE.

PRICE ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.—The unexampled success of this Juvenile Work, which has now been before the public two years, and circulates in every state of the Union, has encouraged the publisher to redouble exertions in making it all that judicious parents and teachers could reasonably expect for the amusement and instruction of youth. Whatever can be devised to improve the style and beauty of the work, and more especially to make it *useful*, shall be constantly introduced

Juvenile Music is introduced and will, it is believed, be to parents and teachers, one of the highest possible commendations. The pieces are supplied by Profs. Mason & Webb, of the Boston Academy of Music. To those who are desirous of examining the work, a specimen number will be furnished *gratis*.

The publisher has much pleasure in being able to give the following names of the principal Teachers, Professors and Clergymen in Baltimore, Philadelphia, New-York, Hartford and Boston, among those *who have given their signatures* to "the full approbation of the work, as well calculated under the present arrangements to be *useful* and worthy of extensive patronage."

BALTIMORE.

John Prentiss, Prin. Acad. Dep. University, Md.
Francis Waters, Select Academy.
A B Cleveland, Prin. Female High School.
William Hamilton, Lexington st. High School.
S W Roszel, Prin. Boisseau Academy.
S B Rittenhouse, Prin. Male Public No. 1.
Samuel P Skinner, Young Ladies' Seminary.
Samuel W Kirkham, Au. of a popular Eng. Grammar.
Susan M Ingalls, Select Female Seminary.
Rev J P K Henshaw, Rector of St Peter's Church.
Rev R J Breckinridge, Pastor Presby. Church.
Rev. John D Bartow, Rector Trinity Church.

PHILADELPHIA.

Samuel B. Wylie, D D Prof An. Languages in the University of Penn.
Walter R Johnson, Prof Mechanics, and Nat. Philos in the Franklin Inst.
R W Cushman, Prin. Young Ladies' Collegiate Inst.
Rev S W Crawford, Select School, Chesnut st.
Rev Charles Henry Alden, Young Ladies' High School.
Charles Picot, Select School for Young Ladies.
John M Keagy, Friends' Academy, 4th st.
S C & B Walker, Scientific and Class. Acad.
Oliver A Shaw, Teacher of a Classical School.
N Dodge, Prin. Harmony Hall Seminary.
John Frost, 8th st. Select School.
C D Cleveland, Select High School.
Rev Sam'l A McCoskry, Rector St Paul's Church.
Stephen H Tyng, D D Rector Ch. of the Epiphany.
Ezra Stiles Ely, D D Pastor of 3d Pres. Church.
Rev John McDowell, Pastor Central Pres. Church.
Rev John W James, Asst. Minister Christ Church.
W H Delancy, D D.

NEW-YORK.

Wm T Adams, Teacher Select School.
Edmund Barry, D D Prin Classical Acad.
R Huddart, Select School.
George W Hall, Prin. Washington Institute.
L D Windsor, Prin Public School No. 1.
Rev Geo Bush, Prof N Y University.
Rev Cha's Anthon, Prof Columbian College.
Rev J F Schroeder, Asst Minister Trinity Church.
F S Worth, Prin Academy, Franklin st.
Rev John Powell, Rector St Peter's Church
Rev H Anthon, Assist Minister Trinity Church.
Rev John Woodbridge, Pastor of Bowery Church.
John McVickar, D D, Prof Men Phil'y Columbian College.
Rt Rev B T Onderdonk, Bishop P E Church, N Y.
Eliza Robbins, Author Popular Lessons, &c.
Lyman Cobb, Author of several valuable School Books.

HARTFORD.

Mrs L H Sigourney. T A Knox, Prin Central School.
F Goldthwait, Prin So Public School.
John P. Brace, Prin Female Seminary.
Rev Henry Stanwood, Pastor So Baptist Church.
Rev Horace Hooker, Editor Conn Observer.
Rev C C Vanarsdalen, Pastor 2d Church.
Rev Joel Hawes, Pastor 1st Church.
Rev G F. Davis, Pastor 1st Baptist Church.

BOSTON.

Rev Joseph Tracy, Editor of the Recorder.
Rev F W Greenwood, Rector King's Chapel.
Rev Wm Jenks, Pastor Church Green st.
Rev J S Stone, Rector St Paul's Church.
Rev H Winslow, Pastor Church Bowdoin st.
Rev Baron Stow, Pastor 2d Baptist Church.
Edward Reynolds, M D. John Randall, M D.
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Levi Conant, Writing Master, Elliot School.
Barnum Field, Prin Hancock do.
P Mackintosh, Jr Writing Master, Hancock st.
Cornelius Walker, Prin Wells School.
Abner Forbes, Prin Belknap st School.
T B Hayward, Select School, Mt Vernon st.
James Robinson, Writing Master, Derne st. School.
Charles Fox, Prin Boylston School.
A Bronson Alcott, Sel't Prin School, Masonic Temple.
John P. Lathrop, Writing Master, Wells School.
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D H Storer, M D. Chandler Robbins, M. D.
J H Lane, M D.
Josiah Holbrook, Lecturer on Lyceums, &c. &c.

Published by S. COLMAN, successor to Lilly, Wait & Co. and will be supplied on the day of publication in Portland, by Colman & Chisholm; New-York, Nelson & Hall; Philadelphia, John M. Gummey; Baltimore, Richards & Sons; Washington, D C. Duff Green; Richmond, Va. Richard D. Sanxay; Buffalo, N. Y., T. M & M Butler; New Orleans, Charles H. Bancroft.

MRS. GRISWOLD'S

SUPERIOR OINTMENT.

MRS. E. GRISWOLD respectfully informs her friends and the public in general, that she continues to keep for sale a constant supply of her Superior Ointment, which can be had of Mr. HENRY WELSH, (whom she has appointed sole agent to sell the same,) at his Store, No. 235, Washington street, three doors south of the Marlboro' Hotel. This invaluable Ointment is prepared only by herself;—it is purely a vegetable preparation—warranted free from all poisonous ingredients; and well known to thousands who have used it, for its safety and efficacy in curing Rheumatism, Bruises, Sprains, Burns and Scalds, sore and swelled Breasts and the various humors incident to the human system.

☞Mrs. G. returns her sincere thanks to her former customers, for their liberal patronage, and solicits a continuance of their favors; but, to prevent counterfeits, which have been imposed upon the public, all who wish to obtain the genuine article are hereby informed, that it can only be had of her at 283 Washington street, or of her agent, as above directed.

JOSEPH STARK,

TAILOR AND DRAPER,

INFORMS his friends and the public, that he has opened his store at No 43 Congress street, where he offers for sale CLOTHS, CASSIMERES and VESTINGS, of the first quality, for cash—which he will make into garments on moderate terms.

N. B. Those gentlemen who may wish to furnish their own cloth, can do so—and all garments will be made in a workmanlike manner and warranted to fit.

WANTED—Several first-rate Coat, Vest and Pantaloon Makers, to whom constant steady employment and the highest wages will be given.

oct 10 3t

Chapman's Cough Mixture,

For the Cure of Diseases of the Chest or Lungs—such as Coughs, Colds, Influenzas, Asthmas, Catarrhs, Hectic Fevers, Spitting of Blood and other Diseased Obstructions and Irritations of the Respiratory System.

THE *formula* for this preparation of Medicine, is by that eminent medical gentleman, N. Chapman, M. D. Professor of the Institutes and Practice of Medicine in the University of Pennsylvania, Physician to the Hospital, and Philadelphia Almshouse and Infirmary.

In difficulties or diseases of the lungs, the Cough Mixture is particularly adapted; it relieves Cough, Pain, Irritations, Tightness in the Chest and other obstructions, to free and easy repiration, and produces repose, unattended by the bad effects in the stomach and bowels, which are produced by those Cough Medicines that contain opium.

Worcester, Ms. Aug. 17th, 1835.

I have made use of *Dr Chapman's Cough Mixture* for a number of years in my family, and I am satisfied it is the best *Cough Preparation* in my knowledge, having tried many articles in my life time, for similar purposes.

T. W. BANCROFT, *Auctioneer.*

CHEMICAL PILE OINTMENT.

This article for the cure of Piles, is not equalled by any thing in this country, and foreigners, who have made of it, say there is nothing in Europe like it. It is an emollient, and at once soothing application, giving immediate ease and tranquillity to the patient when laboring under this tormenting disease. It is put up in beautiful Porcelain Pots, imported from France, especially for the purpose, accompanied with copious directions for use in the severest cases. Price, $1 per pot.

Boston, July 8th, 1835.

This may certify that for five or six years past I have been troubled severely with the *Piles*, and until I made use of the *Chemical Pile Ointment*, I found nothing that would give me relief; therefore, I would recommend it in preference to any article whatever.

GEORGE HOBART, No 16, Doane street.

FISHER'S CELEBRATED CORN PLASTER.

This Corn Plaster needs no other recommendation than a trial, and will cure, as certain as it is applied according to the directions. It leaves the toe or seat of the Corn smooth, and performs a cure without pain, and in a short time. Price, 50 cents.

Worcester, Ms. July 29th, 1835.

I take much satisfaction in stating that *Fisher's Celebrated Corn Plaster* is a certain and safe article for the cure of *Corn*, and would particularly recommend it to those who are in need of a remedy.

E. F. DIXIE, 2, Central Exchange.

For sale at wholesale and retail by WILLIAM WARD, Druggist, 26 and 27 India street, Boston; and by Druggist generally. tf oct 10

DR. PHELPS' ARCANUM.

THIS Syrup is celebrated for the cure of Scrofula Eruptions or Diseases of the Skin, Syphilis or Venereal Complaints, Rheumatism, Ulcers in the Throat and other parts of the Body, Mercurial Affections, Liver Complaints, Diseases of the Blood, deep-seated pains in the Muscles, Bones, &c, and a regenerator of emaciated and broken constitutions, caused by disease, intemperance, &c.

From the Republican.

Mr Editor—For years past, my children have been severely affected with a disease of the skin, of an exceedingly obstinate character. The eruption sometimes was distinct, of a pustular form, and again would be confluent and laminated, and occupy the whole surface, and the scalp of one of them, in particular, was so completely encrusted, that the hair became matted over the whole head, presenting, as must be obvious, a very disagreeable appearance, besides a constant discharge of matter. The disease, in all of them, assumed during its existence, a variety of shapes and apperrances, and seemed to defy the power and ingenuity of the healing art. I have, however, reason to believe from observation and enquiry, that Eruptions, or Diseases of the kind are not uncommon among children, and even adult persons, though they may not often attain that aggravated character, as in the present instance. During the past winter, which season of the year I am persuaded is the most unfavorable for curing diseases or eruptions of the skin, I procured a number of Dr. Phelps, Arcanum, and administered it, to one or two of my children, who were the most severely afflicted. In a short space of time I observed an evident amendment in their condition, the eruption gradually disapperred, and I commenced giving the Arcanum to the remaining number, with similar and decided success. The eruption in all of them has entirely disappeared, and they now appear healthy and in good condition by this treatment only. EMERY PERRY.

Worcester, May 1, 1835.

From the Worcester Republican of July 22d, 1835.

We consider it a small tribute of commendation to the chrracter of the Arcanum of Dr. Phelps, to remark that its success over other kinds of treatment in the cure of diseases of the skin, scrofula, and many other chronic and obstinate diseases, is astonishing.

The case of Mrs L. W. Stowell of this town, and of the daughter of M. Deavenport, Esq. of Boylston, are instances of success that should be recorded. We publish to-day, the certificate of Mr. Perry with regard to the efficacy of the article in the treatment of his family, at his request.

For sale at wholesale and retail, by WILLIAM WARD, wholesale and retail dealer in Paints, Medicines and Dye Stuffs, 26 and 27, India-street, near the head of Central Wharf, Boston.

Also for sale by Druggists generally. august 8.

NEW BOOKS.

THOUGHTS ON QUARANTINE AND OTHER SANITARY SYSTEMS. Being an Essay which received the Prize of the Boylston Medical Committee of Harvard University, in August 1834. By Charles Caldwell, M. D.

Veritas atque utilitas antiquitati præponendæ sint.

CROCKETT'S LIFE OF MARTIN VAN BUREN.

The Life of Edmund Kean.

Francesca Carrara. By L. E. L. author of Romance and Reality.

Miss H. F. Gould's Poems—New Edition.

The American Anti-Slavery Almanac, for 1836.

Received and for sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133, Washington street. august 1

LINEN SHIRT

COLLARS AND BOSOMS.

KIMBALL, 12, Washington street, having made an arrangement with one of the first manufacturers of the above article, will be constantly supplied with an assortment of every style and quality of Collars and Bosoms of superior make. Now on hand—

100 doz extra Fine Stitched Linen Collars,
100 do do do Plain do do
200 do Medium quality do do
150 do do Stitched do do
300 do Common do Plain do do

Also—Plain, plaited, embroidered, and ruffle Bosoms from 3 to 24 dollars per dozen.

☞Merchant Tailors will find it for their advantage to examine this assortment. march 14

NEW BOOKS.

WILL WATCH, From the autobiography of a British Officer, by the author of Cavendish, &c, 3 volumes.

The Token and *Atlantic Souvenir*, for 1836; Embellished with twelve splendid engravings.

The Gift for 1836; Edited by Miss Leslie; with nine engravings.

Memoirs of Great Commanders, G. P. R. James, Esq. in 2 volumes.

Nuts to Crack, or Quips, Quirks, Anecdotes and facete of Oxford and Cambridge Scholars.

For sale by *MARSH, CAPEN & LYON*, No 133 Washington street sept 26

DRY GOODS,

AT REDUCED PRICES.

THE Subscriber, intending leaving this part of the country for the South, about the first of August next, offers for sale the whole of his extensive Stock of FOREIGN and DOMESTIC GOODS, and Lease of the Store No. 414 Washington street, and the Stock will be sold at very reduced prices at retail, until closed.—Among which are the following varieties viz—

Broadcloths, Cassimeres, Atheman Cassimere, Rouen Cassimere, Athenian Camlets, &c. &c.

4 bales of superior Welch, English and American Flannels. Some of them are very superior, and are warranted not to *shrink in washing*.

2 bales of Angola Flannel, an excellent article for summer wear.

1 bale Domet Flannel.
4 do col'd American do.
4 do col'd Dometts.
3 cases of superior English Cambric Dimoties.
1 do do Furniture Dimoty.
1 do col'd Poult de Soie Silk, at 3s per yard, of an excellent quality.
Cases Irish Linens, of superior quality.
Cases of English and American Prints.
Cases and bales of brown and bleached Cottons.
Cases of white Cambric and Cambric Muslins.
Cases of Bishop Lawns, from 20c to 5s 3d per yard.
1600 ps Nankin and Canton Straw Carpeting.
Cases of Taylor's Persian Spool Cotton, at 3s per dozen, or 5c per Spool, warranted of very superior quality. Cases of Spool Cotton, at 6d per dozen.
1 case of Open Work Cotton Hose, at 1s per pair.
Cases of 4-4 and 6-4 Bobbinet Laces, from 9d to 5s 3d per yard. 1 case Grecian do superior quality, at 2s pryd.
1 bale Russia Damask 6-4 and 8-4, a very durable article for Table Cloths.
2 cases India and English Silk Hdkfs.
2 do col'd Table Cloths, assorted sizes.
1 do col'd bordered cotton Hdkfs. imita. L. C. at 9d each. 1 do Linen Hdkfs.
4 do American Sewing Cotton.
5 bales Russia Crash.
3 cases Linen and Cotton Tapes.
1 case English Pins.
7 bales of Tickings, assorted qualities—and a great variety of other Goods, which will be sold in proportion.

ELIAB STONE BREWER,
may 30 No. 414 Washington street.

Chemical Embrocation;

Or—Whitwell's true and original Opodeldoc.

TEST OF THE ONLY TRUE KIND.

FIRST—see that the certificate of the late Dr Mitchell, LL. D. of the city of New York, is on the inside direction paper.

2d—That my name is stamped on the bottle.

3d—That the retail price is not less than 37 1-2 cents a bottle, all others are but base fabrications.

The above may be considered as infallible, in bruises, sprains, rheumatism, stings of insects, vegetable poisons, cramp, &c. &c. In a word, in all cases of external injury.

Sold by all the principal druggists in the United States, who also keep for sale the *VOLATILE AROMATIC SNUFF*, for many years celebrated in cases of catarrh, headache, dizziness, dimness of eyesight, drowsiness, lowness of spirits, hypochondria, nervous weakness, &c. It is most fragrant and grateful to the smell, being composed principally from roots and aromatic herbs. It is absolutely necessary for those who watch with or visit the sick, being an excellent prevention of contagion. Recommended by Dr Waterhouse, late Prof. of the Theory and Practice of Physic in Harvard University. Price 50 and 25 cents. tf ap 25

CORRECTED PROOFS.

UNDER the above title, it is proposed to publish in one volume, a selection from the Miscellaneous Writings of the Subscriber, embracing such *Tales, Sketches, Essays, &c.*, as he deems most worthy of collection, revision and republication; confining the standard of comparison altogether to his own writings.

It will be handsomely printed on fine paper, and neatly bound in cambric, *Terms*, Cash on the delivery of the book. *Price*, to persons ordering one copy, one dollar; to those ordering more, and to the Trade, the trade deduction. It will be put to press, when orders are received to warrant the undertaking, and determine the number of the edition.

H. HASTINGS WELD.

*** Subscriptions received by E. R. Broaders, 127 Washington Street, at this Office, and at the Office of the Boston Pearl, No 19 Water Street. q sep 12

E. F. NEWHALL,

179, Washington-street,

HAS now open a fine assortment of Rich Silks—Merinos—Velvets—Shawls—Hdkfs—English and French Chintzes—Broadcloths—Cassimeres—Ladies Cloths—Flannels and other Dry Goods.

☞Purchasers are invited to examine the assortment nov 7

THIS DAY

IS PUBLISHED, and to be had at most of the Bookstores—A Sketch of the Life of the Hon. Hugh L. White, with remarks on the approaching Presidential Election. july 18

Figured and Plain Silks.

A GREAT variety, selling at low prices, by E. F. NEWHALL, No. 179 Washington street. dec 5

ZOOLOGICAL EXHIBITION.

THE Zoological Exhibition, in Union street, is now open day and evening. The Collection of

BEASTS AND BIRDS,

is much more extensive than any ever before exhibited in this city, and fills both the Upper and Lower Halls of the spacious building.

A large Anaconda from the Island of Java.

Mr Flint will enter the cages of the ferocious Animals at 4, P. M. and 8 in the evening. The Animals will be fed at half-past 8 o'clock in the evening.

Hours of Exhibition, from 10 A. M. to 12 M., from 1 to 4 1-2 P. M., and from 6 to 9 o'clock in the evening.

Admittance 25 cents; Children, under 10 years of age, half price.

☞A limited number of Season Tickets for sale at the door. tf dec 19

ORATORIO.

THE HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY will perform Handel's celebrated Oratorio of the 'MESSIAH,' with full Orchestral Accompaniments by Mozart, on the evening of the Sabbath, 10th inst. at their Hall corner of Washington and Boylston streets, commencing at six o'clock.

Tickets can be obtained at Ditson's Music Store, and Marsh, Capen & Lyon's—Washington street; also at the door on the evening, of performance—at fifty cents each.

jan 9

COPARTNERSHIP NOTICES.

THE Subscribers have formed a Copartnership in business under the firm and style of

JONES, LOWS & BALL,

and will occupy the new granite building recently erected, *No. 123 WASHINGTON STREET,* where they respectfully solicit the patronage of their friends and the public.

JOHN J. LOW,
FRANCIS LOW,
SAMUEL S. BALL,
June 15 GEORGE B. JONES.

A CARD. The Subscriber having relinquished his interest in business to his Son, George B. Jones, and disposed of his entire stock to Mess. JONES, LOWS & BALL, takes pleasure in recommending his friends and customers to the above firm. All persons indebted to him will please make payment, and all to whom he may be indebted are requested to call and receive their dues, at 123 Washington Street. JOHN B. JONES.

June 15

NOTICE. The Copartnership heretofore existing under the firm of JOHN J. LOW & CO. is by mutual consent this day dissolved—Having formed a new copartnership, they respectfully ask the patronage of their former customers and friends for the new firm of JONES, LOWS & BALL. The unsettled affairs of the late firm of John J. Low & Co. will be adjusted at No. 123 Washington street.

JOHN J. LOW,
Nov 10, 1835. FRANCIS LOW.

Rich Silks and Merinos.

E. F. NEWHALL,

No. 179 Washington Street,

HAS just received, 5 cases plain and figured SILKS and SATINS, large and small figures, rich colors, extra qualities and *new styles*.

3 cases extra super Lama Merinos, colors bronze, grass and invisible greens, browns, olive, adelaide, byron, mulberry, fawn, ashes-of-roses, royal, scarlet, maroon, cherry, pink, blue, salmon, wax, gold, orange and black.

4 cases English Merinos, all colors, *very low*.

5 " English and French Chinnzes, some new and beautiful styles.

3 bales white Flannels, all widths and qualities, some *very fine*.

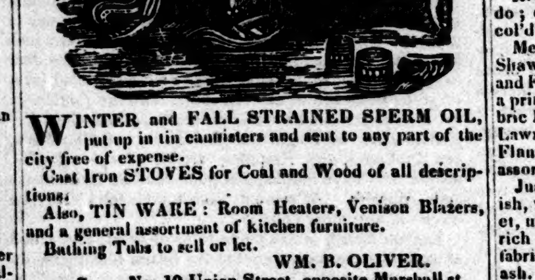
2 bales Highland Plaid Shawls, splendid patterns.

1 case Prussian Shawls and Handkfs. a very desirable article for the season.

A good assortment of Broadcloths and Ladies' Cloths of fashionable shades; Buckskins ribb'd and plain; Cassimeres; Blankets; Marseilles Quilts; white and colored Table Cloths; Velvets; Raw Silk, Cashmere, Thibet and Merino Shawls and Handkfs, and other desirable goods adapted to the season.

☞Purchasers are invited to call and examine these goods, as they are selling at *low prices*. istf sept 26

Winter and Fall Sperm Oil.



WINTER and FALL STRAINED SPERM OIL, put up in tin cannisters and sent to any part of the city free of expense.

Cast Iron STOVES for Coal and Wood of all descriptions.

Also, TIN WARE: Room Heaters, Venison Blazers, and a general assortment of kitchen furniture.

Bathing Tubs to sell or let.

WM. B. OLIVER.
nov 7 No. 19 Union Street, opposite Marshall st.

PHRENOLOGY.

AN Epitome of Phrenology; being an outline of the Science as taught by Gall, Spurzheim and Combe, to accompany a Chart delineated according to this System, or the Marked Bust approved by Dr Spurzheim. Illustrated with cuts. Just published by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133 Washington street. jan 2

BOAS! BOAS! BOAS!

THE subscriber has just opened a large lot of FUR BOAS of different qualities, which will be sold at very reasonable prices. Those in want of this desirable article for the approaching season, will do well to call at No. 40, Hanover street, under the American House.

sept 19 istf GEORGE W. EDMANDS.

Christmas & New Year Presents

THE American SWEET BAGS—a grateful perfume for scenting Clothes, Drawers, Wardrobes, &c. and an effectual preventive against moths. This odoriferous compound is put up in a style equal to the English, and with a correct representation of the WEBSTER VASE. For sale wholesale and retail by PALMER, JONES & BLAKE, 44 Hanover street, and by E. V. ASHTON, Washington street. dec 19

LADIES' RIDING CAPS,

HATS, UMBRELLAS, PARASOLS, GLOVES AND STOCKS.

387, *WASHINGTON STREET.*

DANIEL MESSINGER respectfully informs his friends and the public that he has received from New York a complete assortment of the above articles, which, added to those on hand, makes as good a variety as can be found in any Hat Store in Boston.

He has the newest patterns for *LADIES' RIDING CAPS* and *CHILDREN'S FANCY CAPS*, which will be made to order at the shortest notice.

may 30

THE ALEXANDRIAN.

NO 27, containing the conclusion of Madame de Stael's Influence of Literature upon Society; Reflections on Suicide, by the same author; and the commencement of Mason on Self Knowledge, to be completed in the next No. Just received by SAMUEL COLMAN,
aug 29 18 & 20, Cornhill.

NEW BOOKS.

COLERIDGE'S POETICAL WORKS—In three volumes.

PAYNE'S ELEMENTS of Mental and Moral Science, designed to exhibit the original susceptibilities of the mind, and the rule by which the rectitude of any of its states or feelings should be judged.

For sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133 Washington street. july 18

Day and Evening Schools.

MESSRS. WHITNEY & BAKER,

CONTINUE their DAY SCHOOL, in Harvard Place, opposite the Old South Church, where Young Men and Lads can receive a thorough English education.

An efficient Writing Master is employed, and particular attention is paid, by Mr. Baker, to those who wish to fit for the counting room.

Messrs. W. & B. will commence their *EVENING SCHOOL*, in the same place, on the first Monday in October. tf sept 26

Fancy Job Printing.

CONDON & CO. 32 CONGRESS ST.

EXECUTE all kinds of Job Printing, viz—Books, Pamphlets, Catalogues, Bank Checks, Merchants' Blanks, Circulars, large Show Bills, Cards, &c. Jan 2

PROSPECTUS OF THE

NEW-ENGLAND GALAXY.

THE GALAXY has been published eighteen years.—The Nineteenth Volume will commence with the coming year and be conducted by

HENRY F. HARRINGTON,

Assisted by several popular and well known authors.

The columns of the paper will be mostly filled with STERLING ORIGINAL ARTICLES: *Of which Tales, Poetry and Essays,—Notices of New Publications, and of the Times—Sketches of Foreign and Domestic Character and Scenery—Biographical Notices of eminent Individuals, and Letters from Correspondents, etc,* will form prominent features.

The Publishers will endeavor as far as practicable to support American Literature and Character—to sustain a manly and unyielding criticism on Literature, Men and Manners and the Drama, without regard to friends or foes—to exercise a surveillance over all matters of local interest by exposing all nuisances and abuse to the public weal, and to handle Quackery under its various garbs, without gloves. This course, a rapid and continued accession of subscribers has already proved eminently popular and successful, the Galaxy promising soon to possess a larger list, than any weekly paper in this state. Determined therefore, still more to merit support and in furtherance, of a promise that the paper should increase in literary merit as it gained in public favor, the Publishers have engaged correspondents in several parts of our own country and in Europe.

In addition to which they offer Prizes—

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS

As follows—Fifty Dollars for the best, and Twenty five dollars for the second best TALE and Twenty-five for the best POEM. The subjects and length of the several articles to be at the option of the competitors.—Manuscripts can be directed to the Editor of the Galaxy, *post paid*, to June 1st, 1836, and the award will be made by a literary committee during the month following. The address of the writer should be enclosed in a sealed note marked 'Name,' and the direction of the successful authors *only* will be opened. All the manuscripts to be at the disposal of the publishers of the Galaxy.

TERMS. The Galaxy is published every Saturday at Three Dollars per annum in advance. Postmasters or others forwarding twelve dollars shall receive Five papers or a reasonable commission.

CONDON & CO.
32 Congress street, Boston.

November the 7th, 1835.

☞To Editors of papers in the *New England States*, who coppy the above, and occasionally our notice of Contents, we promise an exchange for one year, provided always that the Galaxy shall not be put on a reading-room file. We would not exact this, were it not that our exchange list is already a heavy tax, and the advantage wholly on the side of our country brethren.

PROSPECTUS.

WILD-FLOWERS AND SEA-SHELLS:

Being a selection from the writings, poetical and prosaic, of natives of Lynn; embracing the whole period of its history.

EDITED BY ALONZO LEWIS AND J. R. NEWALL.

DURING the period embracing the history of this town, there have, from time to time appeared among us, our fellow-citizens are all aware, those, of either sex, who were justly looked upon as endowed with mental qualities far above the ordinary standard—those who have shone forth as stars of the first magnitude in our little community, and who, haply, under more auspicious circumstances, would have been hailed as brighter lights to a more extended sphere;—but who have yet passed from among us, leaving a few gems only scattered in their path to the tomb, as memorials of the peculiar favor of their God;—leaving here a few *flowers* gathered from the dark glen or the sunny height, and there a little glittering cabinet of *sea-shells* gleaned from the romantic shores, of their own loved home.

It is the object of the Editors to gather up these fragments, and select from among them such as they esteem most worthy of preservation; adding a series of articles, original and select, from the writers of the present day. It is not their aim to gain any thing in a pecuniary point of view; they ask only remuneration for their actual expenses, deeming the pleasure of presenting the little volume to their fellow citizens, sufficient reward for all their toil. It is believed that the work will also be interesting beyond the immediate sphere of its publication, as the interests and sympathies of this town and those around her have ever been most strongly united:—together have they toiled through the darkness of bygone years, and together have they arrived upon the sunny lands of prosperity.

The work will be put to press as soon as a sufficient number of subscribers are obtained to defray the expenses. [illegible] forword with their accustomed [illegible] will be required to meet the expenses, as the work will be executed in a style worthy of its object. It is designed that the volume shall be an 18mo of about 250 pages—delivered to subscribers at $1 per copy.

Subscriptions received by either of the Editors, at Lynn, or by H. Hastings Weld, Boston.

Lynn, July 18, 1835.

FRESH GOODS.

DENNIS & GRAFTON have taken a Store in the New Block, No. 41 Hanover street, where they have for sale a rich assortment of fresh and desirable Goods—among which are the following, viz.

Rich black Gro de Swiss Silks; do do Gro de Berlin do; do do Gro de Nap do; do col'd Gro de Nap do; do col'd Poult de Soie, (rich colors.)

Merino Shawls—an assortment of 6-4, 7-4, and 8-4 Shawls; also, a rich style of Broganza Shawls; English and French Prints, new and very elegant patterns; also, a prime assortment of Bishops' Lawn; Cambrics; Cambric Muslins; Sacharilla Cambrics; Mull Muslins; Long Lawns; Linens; Linen Damask; Patch; Tickings; Flannels; Robes; Linen Cambric Hdkfs, &c; also an assortment of Hosiery and Gloves, Domestic Goods, &c.

Just opened, 1 case English Merinos, of the French finish, very desirable colors, among which are brown, claret, mulberry, purple, and adelaide; also a few pieces of rich pearl colors, very delicate shades and superior fabric—all of which will be sold at unusual low prices for cash. august 22

COPARTNERSHIP NOTICE

THE Subscribers have formed a connection for the transaction of a General Commission Business, under the firm of BRUCE & RICHARDS, at 33 and 34, Commercial wharf.

Refer to Messrs.
Rob't G. Shaw & Co. and
Edw. & Wm. B. Reynolds.

BENJ. BRUCE,
july 4 JOSEPH L. RICHARDS.

NOTICE.

THE Copartnership heretofore existing under the firm of ROSS & NICHOLS, is by mutual consent dissolved. The business of the late firm will be settled by J. L. ROSS, who will continue the business at the old stand.

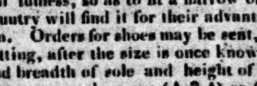
JOSEPH L. ROSS,
august 8 PEREZ NICHOLS.

Feathers, Hair, &c.

JOHN G. FLAGG & CO.

HAVE on hand a large and prime assortment of Foreign and Domestic Feathers, South American Hair; first rate Feather Beds; Hair Mattresses; Cushions, &c which will be sold wholesale or at retail, on as reasonable terms as at any other establishment in this city. Apply at No 18 Union street. istf may 9

Ready Made Custom Shoes.



JOHN KIMBALL, 2d,

KEEPS on hand and continues to make to order, ladies', misses' and childrens' *SHOES*, of the first quality, manufactured on the French Lasts. The Lasts are systematically arranged; each Last is divided into six, or seven sizes of fulness, so as to fit a narrow or full foot. Ladies in the country will find it for their advantage to examine the system. Orders for shoes may be sent, with certainty of their fitting, after the size is once known.

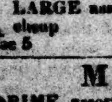
The length and breadth of sole and height of instep are expressed in this very simple way: (A 3-4) or (B 3-4) or (C 3-4). The letter denotes the width of sole—the top figure length of sole—bottom figure, height of instep or fullness of the shoe. When there is no letter, A is understood.

No. 198 Tremont Street,
july 4 tf *Six doors from Court Street.*

NEW HAT STORE.

ANSON DEXTER,

(Late of the firm of Olney, Dexter & Gill)



HAS for sale at his store, No. 37 Court st. opposite the new Court House, an entire New Stock of the most fashionable N. York and Boston made *HATS, CAPS, GLOVES* and *UMBRELLAS*. His friends and the public are invited to call and examine them.

N. B. Hats and Caps made to order. tf may 9

French and English Chintzes.

A LARGE assortment of Winter Calicoes, selling off cheap by E. F. NEWHALL,
dec 5 179 Washington street

MERINOS.

PRIME assortment of English and French Merinos and Thibet CLOTHS, for sale low, by E. F. NEWHALL, 179 Washington street. dec 5

SILK GROWER'S GUIDE.

JUST published by *RUSSELL, ODIORNE & CO* the American Silk Grower's Guide, or the art of raising the Mulberry and Silk on the system of successive crops in each season, by Wm. Kenrick, author of the New American Orchardist, &c. Price 42 cents. sept 26

BOSTON AND LOWELL RAIL ROAD

THE Cars for the present and until further notice will leave Boston and Lowell at 9 and 3 o'clock.

No baggage can be taken except what belongs to passengers. Allowance to each, 40 lbs.

Tickets may be had at the Depot, corner of Leverett and Brighton streets. Price One Dollar each.

nov 28 3tis GEO. M. DEXTER, Agent.

PHRENOLOGICAL LECTURES.

THE Lecture on FRIDAY EVENING, Jan. 8th, at the Masonic Temple, will be delivered by Rev. GEO. W. BRADBURN. To commence at 7 o'clock, precisely.

☞Tickets to a Single Lecture 25 cents, to be paid at the door.

jan 2 JOHN S. SLEEPER, Rec. Sec.

The Sacred Offering.

CONSISTING of selections of Poems from the works of Mrs. Jevons, daughter of the late William Roscoe—For sale by *MARSH, CAPEN & LYON*, No. 133, Washington street. dec 19

FUR CAPS.

THE subscriber has just received a large assortment of FUR CAPS, consisting of Sea Otter, Fur Seal, Nutra, Imitation Fur Seal, Hair Seal, and other kinds of Fur Caps. Also, Fur Seal Gloves, Collars, &c.

sept 19 istf GEORGE W. EDMANDS.

Improvement on Dental Surgery

DR. B. T. PRESCOTT,

CONTINUES to perform all the necessary operations on the TEETH, both for their beauty and preservation.

Dr. P. having obtained the latest and highly approved method of inserting the mineral or *Incorruptible Teeth* on gold plate, so recently introduced in Paris, feels assured that he cannot fail to give a general and acknowledged satisfaction to all who may favor him with their calls.

Persons requiring operations on the Teeth, will please call and see specimens at office, corner of Hanover and Portland streets. 3mis dec 12

CLOAKS.

A GOOD assortment of ladies' and misses' French and English Merino Cloaks—Dunstable and Florence Gypsey Hats and Bonnets. Also, a good selection of fancy Ribbons. J. NIGHTINGALE,
nov 14 7wis No. 287 Washington street.

Combs! Combs! Combs!

A. S. JORDAN,

Sign of the Original Golden Comb, No. 2, Milk St.

MANUFACTURES and has for sale a well selected assortment of shell and horn Combs, including those of the latest and most improved patterns. Ladies are solicited to call and examine. tf may 23

CLERK WANTED.

A PERSON is wanted at this office to keep the books, collect bills, etc. One competent to work at press, would be preferred. To such a one, a suitable salary will be given. dec 26

SHEPHERD, OLIVER & CO.

TYPE AND STEREOTYPE FOUNDERS.

No. 3, Water Street, 2 doors from Washington St.

KEEPS for sale, all kinds of Book and Newspaper Type, both new and second hand.

Stereotyping of all kinds executed with accuracy and despatch on the most reasonable terms.

A large discount made for cash. april 4

Great Natural Curiosity.

THE Proprietor has the pleasure to announce to the public that he has procured, at great expense, a commodious and well finished room, opposite the south west corner of Faneuil Hall, (No 7 Market Square) where his exhibition can be witnessed by persons of either sex, and of all ages, with perfect safety and convenience.

His exhibition consists of TWO LARGE ASIATIC SERPENTS, [illegible] handled with perfect safety; and the LEARNED MONKEY, DON PEDRO, who performs most astonishing and incredible feats, such as fencing with the sword, playing on cymbals, triangle violin, and tambourine, &c, which have amused and astonished thousands of persons in the United States.

Hours of exhibition from 8 A. M. to 9 P. M.

Admittance 12 1-2 cents; good music accompanies the exhibition oct 31

MATRESSES,

Feather Beds, Ticking, &c. &c.

JOHN G. FLAGG & CO.

No. 18 UNION STREET.

HAVE on hand for sale, a first rate assortment of Hair Mattresses, Feather Beds, Ticking, &c. Orders for the supply of Public Houses, &c. executed with neatness and despatch.

Also, on hand, a large supply of Curled Hair, Foreign and Domestic Feathers, &c. which they offer for sale on the most reasonable terms. june 72

GRATES, GRATES

BRYENT & HERMAN, at their Factory, No. [illegible] Water street, offer for sale the most extensive assortment of Cast Iron FRAME GRATES to be found in this city. They have some very neat and handsome patterns, suitable for marble fire places, equal in beauty and superior in durability to any other kind now in use.—Builders, and all others in want, will do well to examine these Grates before purchasing elsewhere.

august 22 3m

FOR THE DEAF.

THE Boston and Lynn India Rubber Co. have manufactured and offer for sale, an India Rubber Elastic Ear Trumpet, of an entirely new construction, by means of which persons not entirely deaf are enabled to hear with perfect distinctness the ordinary tones of the voice in conversation.

They are perfectly portable, of an elegant finish, and have been pronounced by persons who have used them superior to anything of the kind in use.

For sale at the Co's Warehouse, No. 52. Water st.

ESTABLISHMENT,

LAWRENCE WALKER'S, No. 83, Washington-street, Joy's Building—

Where may be found a great variety of GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES of every description, and the latest style of FASHIONABLE JEWELRY, SILVER WARE, SPECTACLES AND FANCY GOODS.

☞The above stock is of recent selections, consequently of the newest and most fashionable patterns and will be sold as low as can be purchased elsewhere.

april 13 is3m

New Stock of Boots and Shoes.

A LARGE assortment of Boots and Shoes, carefully selected, and well adapted to the spring trade, comprising as complete an assortment as can be found in the city.

Also, a general assortment of Shoe Stock.

For sale on reasonable terms at No. 28 North Market street, by RUSSELL & BUCKNAM.

N. B. Nowell's Blacking at wholesale. tf feb 14

GO TO

KIMBALL'S

12, WASHINGTON-STREET,

FOR

STOCKS,

LINEN DRAPERY, HOSE, GLOVES, &c.

MR. PADDON,

NO. 210 WASHINGTON STREET.

sept 12 tf

FOUND

IN Harvard Place, about the 14th ult, a bundle of Gentlemen's wearing apparel which the owner may have by applying to AMOS BAKER, at the head of the Place.

oct 10 3t

REAL MADRAS CRAVATS

A FEW pieces of Real Madras Cravats, for sale at KIMBALL'S, 12, Washington street. ju

DACRE.

A NOVEL. Edited by the Countess of Morley.—For sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133, Washington street. august 8

BOOTS and SHOES

FOR CASH, at very low prices, wholesale and retail, by *THOMAS C. WALES*, No. 195 Washington street.

Stock Frames, Buckles, &c.

STOCK Frames, Binding Skins and Buckles, for sale at KIMBALL's 12 Washington street. june 6

BOXING GLOVES,

FOR sale at KIMBALL'S, 12, Washington-street. dec 5

WASH LEATHER SUITS,

FOR sale at KIMBALL'S, 12, Washington street. dec

SELECTED POETRY.

JACK'S EXCUSE.

In storms when landsmen seek a roof
To shield them from the gale—
The daring sailor springs aloft,
To hand the shivering sail,
To naked slippery spars he clings,
And dares the tempest's blow—
The wind around him wildly rings
The boiling sea's below!

You see our Middies dash on shore—
The gayest of the gay—
That hour's their own—they ask no more—
And who so blest as they?
But turn the glass—on board again
A different scene 'twill show,
They bear the sun, the winds, the rain,
The wintry ice and snow.

You see our tars like loosened steeds,
Careering through the streets—
Jack courts, he fights, he drinks, he rides,
And every comrade treats!
He mounts the deck, the anchor heaves,
His day of pleasure o'er—
Toil, danger, death, the sailor braves,
Till—Jack's again on shore!

Then do not blame the sailor's joy,
But smile to see his glee—
At sea, a man—on shore, a boy—
Thoughtless and wild is he!
Oh dreary were the seaman's life,
Had he not hope in store,
Of friends and frolic—girl and wife
And pleasure while on shore.

CHURCHES IN BOSTON.

Names.	Pastors.	Location.
	UNITARIAN.	
First Church,	N. L. Frothingham	Chauncey Place.
Second "	Chandler Robbins,	Hanover street.
King's Chapel,	F. W. P. Greenwood	Tremont "
Brattle St. Church,	Sam'l K. Lothrop,	Brattle "
New North "	Francis Parkman,	Hanover "
New South "	Alexander Young,	Summer "
Hollis St. "	John Pierpont,	Hollis "
Federal St. "	W. E. Channing, E. S. Gannett.	Federal "
West "	Charles Lowell,	Lynde "
Twelfth Cong. "	Samuel Barrett,	Chambers "
Purchase St. "	George Ripley,	Purchase "
South Cong. "	Mell'sh I. Motte,	Washington "
South Boston "	Lemuel Capen,	South Boston.
	CALVINIST.	
Old South Church,	Sam'l H. Stearns,	Washington street.
Essex Street "	Nehemiah Adams,	Essex "
Park " "	Joel H. Lindsay,	Tremont "
Mariners' "	Daniel M. Lord,	Purchase "
Green Street "	William Jenks,	Green "
Bowdoin " "	Hubbard Winslow,	Bowdoin "
Second Cong. "	Joy H. Fairchild,	South Boston.
Salem Street "	Geo. W. Blagden,	Salem street.
Pine " "	Artemas Boies,	Washington "
Free "	——— ———,	Milk "
Odeon,	——— Rodgers,	Federal "
	EPISCOPAL.	
Christ Church,	William Croswell,	Salem street.
Trinity "	J. M. Wainwright,	Summer "
St Matthew's "	H. L. Connelly,	South Boston.
St Paul's "	John S. Stone,	Tremont street.
Grace "	Zachariah Mead,	Amory Hall.
City Mission Chap.	Asa Eaton,	Washington street.
	BAPTIST.	
Second Baptist Ch.	Baron Stow,	Salem street.
Charles Street "	Daniel Sharp,	Charles "
Federal "	George B. Ide,	Federal "
First Baptist "	William Hague,	Hanover "
Baptist "	——— ———,	South Boston.
African Baptist "	——— ———,	Belknap street.
Christian Society,	Joshua V. Himes,	Summer "
	METHODIST.	
First Method. Ch.	Daniel Fillemore,	North Bennet street
Second " "	John Lindsey,	Bromfield "
Third " "	Abel Stevens,	Piedmont "
Bethel "	E. T. Taylor.	North square.
African Chapel.	Sam'l Snowdon,	May street.
	UNIVERSALIST.	
First Uni. Church.	Sebastian Streeter,	Hanover street.
Second " "	Hosea Ballou,	School "
Central " "	Paul Dean,	Bulfinch "
Universalist Soc.	Benj. Whittemore,	South Boston.
	ROMAN CATHOLIC.	
Holy Cross Ch.	Bishop Fenwick, Michael H[illegible], John Curren,	[illegible] street.
North Cath. Ch.	——— ———,	Pond street.
	SWEDENBORGIAN.	
New Jerusalem Ch.	Thos Worcester,	Phillips Place.
	FRIENDS.	
First Society,	——— ———,	Milton Place.

MISCELLANY.

[From the Portland Advertiser.]

BROOKS'S LETTERS
NO. XXXIII.

ROTTERDAM, August 6, 1835.

AN AMERICAN IN AN ENGLISH STEAM BOAT.

Detained in London beyond all my calculations, and who will not be detained there by its world of wonders? I made at last a strong effort to break away for a trip, on, and over the continent,—and now, you see, I am in the dominions of his Dutch Majesty, after a passage across the channel of only 30 hours, which an American Steamboat, however, would have performed in half the time. In this European world, it does not take long to change from kingdom to kingdom; and one may in a very brief time, 'finish up' half a dozen of them, not costing him near so much travel as it costs to run over some of our States. To get out of England, upon the Continent, a traveller must do something more than when he leaves the United States,—for not only is a passport indispensible (which, by the way, it is better than *well* to have before you leave home)—but an American Charge or Consul in London, must give it his '*Vu a legation*' &c. but, if you go, to Holland for example, you must have also the '*Vu a legation de S. M. le Roie des Pays Bas.*' No country in the world, I believe, but the United States has thoroughly done with this trumpery. England has done much toward it, and no man needs a passport to pass over Great Britain; but the alien, however, is threatened with 'fine and imprisonment,' unless he declares himself at the alien office, a threat, by the way, that no sensible alien troubles himself about, for in England people obey only such of the laws as it suits their rulers, to put in execution, and the rulers now seem to have come to a conclusion, that there is not much need of enforcing this.

I bade adieu to London, its thickly-crowded streets, and its more thickly-crowded Thames, on the morning of the 5th at 6 o'clock, and soon after our steamer, the 'Sir Edward Banks,' was winding its way through the fleet on this little river, with all the skill, that the best American whip could use in threading the thoroughfare of Broadway. My landlady in London, to whom on parting I made myself known as an American, (giving her an American coin with our eagle upon it, as a token of the thankfulness I felt for many little kindnesses) expressed her surprise that I was from that far-off country, for, said she, 'you speak English just as we do, and I never should have known it'—a compliment I can assure you I did not value so much as I might; because the good landlady and her household had that cockney pronunciation of our mother tongue, which never used an *h*, and which without ceremony would turn a *house* into an *ouse*, and a *hot* day into an *ot* one, in such a manner, that my senses were often wandering through her sentences to *guess* out her meaning. I believe I have not told you before, that in London, the greater part of the travelling population resorting there, who intend to make any stay, just se'ect lodgings, that is a bed room and a setting room, where they breakfast only, and make their head quarters, always, dining at a Coffee House or 'dining out.' Thus I had become quite expert in making tea and coffee, for we always make it ourselves, the hotwater alone being given us,—and in this manner, after my companion had left me some ten days ago for Brussels, and—I don't know where else—I made many a solitary breakfast, a *a la Angleterre*, munching my excellent London loaf of bread, all alone, all this I have now changed, and am again commencing a new life. I am quite alone in my journeying. As I was going down the Thames, true I met an American clergyman from New York, with his daughter, wending his way to the Continent, but his plans were so different from mine, that we were already parted,—and I know not now how far he is in advance of me.

Our steamer as usual was nothing extraordinary. In America we shou'd have used her as a mud-digger in the rivers, or the highest promotion she could have had would have been as the tower of other craft. There was on board some sixty or seventy passengers, and but twenty berths at the most to accommodate all—and yet she is one of his 'Majesty's Mail Boats' to the Continent. Our company was made up of the specimens of the different materials, which such a population can well display, and in large quantities too. Here, was a fellow too big in feeling to tread the decks of the little steamer, twirling his cane, and snuffing the air—with that *nil admirari* manner toward all, that always mark the vulgar, even if well-dressed men. There was one of those true English gentlemen, all simplicity, all kindness, with his family and his servants all around him, starting with his own carriage to post all the way to Switzerland from the middle Rhine, making no fuss at all, answering all your questions, and doing much to oblige you.—Now, you met one of those English naval officers, who, from commanding all on board their own ships, think they may command all on board of other people's ships, and thus become rude and surly, needing an insult from every passer-by, at least as often as *once* in ten minutes. The mustachioed Continental officer was pacing the decks here. The tripping Frenchman there—The rough thick-built Dutchman was smoking far aft, as the steamer would permit,—and the newly-married husband with his lady love, now whispering (I dare say) in another yet remote corner, of their happiness that *is*, and is *to be*, at least, in their own imagination, as they run away from friends at home to hide their nuptials abroad, as if it were a crime to marry. I watched all, for I felt quite alone, and should have been sad in this loneliness, but for the attention thus forced upon me.—The 'feast of languages' seemed to be spread about, and I was gathering what few I could of 'the scraps.' The Frenchman slipt out his words with an ease and a volubility amazing to me. The Dutchman—made all manner of faces as he jerked out his rough and unmanageable consonants. The German was far smoother-tongued.—The English sounded as the dignified medium of all.—The little glib Italian chanted his delicious syllables, as if his language was not made to talk but to chant—and then the Castilian came in with his full-sounding periods so much softer than the German, so much more dignified than the Itallian or French, so free from the clipped hissing syllables of the English.

How could all these languages have been formed thus on one continent—and here we had them all spoken at once. I was surprised at the facility with which some few of our passengers would change from one to the other and then run through all—with what correctness, I am sure I cannot say. One young, man, not over twenty-two, spoke each of these, I remarked, except the English;—and this, he observed, 'no Christian man cou'd learn to speak in such a manner as not to be laughed at,—and therefore he would never speak it at all, though he read it well, and fully understood it when pronounced. Every body I also remarked, spoke French—every body of any pretensions,—for not to be able to speak French in England, is a mark that you have received a mean education, and it is almost as disgraceful as with us would be bad orthography, or the inability to read with ease. Hence every Englishman, woman, or little miss, on board our steamer, speaks French, which seems to be the common medium of exchange in communication, just as gold or silver is in the mercantile world. French enables you to speak with every well-educated man, wherever you meet him, no matter from what quarter of the world he has come, America alone except! Placed thus in such a situation, (I can assure you it was no pleasant one,) for just as an American would feel who does not know how to write, I fe't when I saw at times all others thus enjoying a conversation to which I could only listen, and then *guess* out the meaning, for like many other Americans who have received 'an education,' I can read French with pleasure—I can murder it in conversation, and understand it when spoken slowly, or when pronounced with an English accent; but to murder any language before others who speak it well, is an act one will seldom be guilty of, if he knows what he is a doing. And as for understanding the confusion of vowels and consonants that Frenchmen themselves make, that is altogether beyond my power, in their animated conversation. Hundreds of Americans who come over here, are in my situation. This picture of the condition of one, may do some good to thousands at home: and therefore I have given it. I always endeaver in conversation here, by explaining our remote position from all these European tongues, and the few opportunities which we have in many parts of the United States of ever hearing these languages well spoken, to account for our inability to speak them, though we read them, or many of them; but the Englishman will not understand how it is that an educated American does not speak a language which is even a part of *his* education, and which is ever necessary to him, situated as he is on the very borders of a continent where they are spoken—forgetting that we are three thousand miles off, and that in hundreds and hundreds of our towns, and in very many of our colleges, a French word is never spoken without being Anglicised.

I need not draw a further picture of our motley company, as our steamer paddled down the Thames,—for the vol[illegible] selves, and how that volubility, was suddenly silenced, as the white waves of the English Channel came rushing around us, bringing a paleness on every face, it needs no description to conceive. In common with many Englishmen, I admired the ingenious management of our steward, who spread out his tempting dinner viands full three hours earlier than the English dinner hour, so as to bait well the eager runners for the *table d'hote*, before sea-sickness came upon them. The hitherto voluble declaimer was now stretched at length upon piles of carpet bags. The chattering English miss would hardly ejaculate an *ay* or *no*. Every nook and corner was filled by some one seeking to hide his head. The roguish sailors as they passed along, and witnessed the misery, would only change the locations of their quids of tobacco from one side of the mouth to the other, as they sneeringly pitied our sad condition. Anon the decks were cleared of the women, and but here and there a man-lingerer was left—a pale monument of what is gained in *travelling for pleasure*. I should do wrong, however, to pass over a somewhat queer discussion which I held from Gravesend to Margate with some English gentlemen, one of whom, a high tory, as he was discussing English politics with a whig, I fell upon and interrupted, as he was warmly contending for his political side of the question, and supporting his argument with the declaration 'that between despotism and democracy, as an unambitious man, desirous only of enjoyment and peace, he should prefer the refinement and elegance of the court of the Russian autocrat to the vulgarity of the American democracy,—that is, he would rather live in St. Petersburgh than in the United States! This was a little too much even for the calm training I have ever given myself in all political matters; and no sooner was it uttered, than I broke in upon the conversation, and soon had as an auditory the whole English part of the passengers, men, women, misses, boys, maid servants and all;—for I can assure you that with a certain part of English society, particularly that of the higher orders, there is as much curiosity to see a native American as there would be to see an American Indian—say Black Hawk, for example; and if the native American does really deserve in their estimation to associate with gentlemen, no Englishman will receive half so much civility and kindness,—for in the first place, they are surprised at the existence of such an anomaly as an American gentleman, and in the next place, they are so deplorably ignorant of every thing that concerns us, that whenever an American well acquainted with all the states of his own country, can answer all their questions, (and as constant reference is now made in Parliament to our political systems, they are eager in putting them,) they will receive him with extra kindness and extra attention,—studying him, I call it, as they would a new book in a new language so as to learn its contents. Indeed, I was amused not a little by this, the last week I was in London; for an article that I had written upon American affairs, and sent to a newspaper, introduced me, very much to my surprise, to the dinner tables of certain politicians, who catechised me upon American matters, and *studied* me through and through, very much as I studied my catechism in bye-gone days. If I did not hold that conversation at such places is to be kept 'sacred,' particularly the free conversation ever held when a few bottles of wine have gone round, I should be delighted with the liberty to recite this—for it was one of the most amusing and interesting I ever had. All were delighted when I told them that the ballot would be altogether a different thing in England from the ballot in America,—and that in England it would upset from top to bottom the conservative party, whether whig or tory, and the hold that property here has upon numbers in all the varied interests of the State,—for in America, if the employee did not like his employer, *he* could *employ* another employer, such was the pursuit *for* labor—whereas in England, such was the pursuit *by* labor for employment, that now the tenant was under the complete control of his landlord, and voted as he chose to have him vote, which would not be under the ballot system—the ballot system, I went on to say, making no difference in America, in fact from the *viva voce* system; both systems, such was the demand for labor, enabling the voter to be equally free and independent. The removal of the stamp tax upon newspapers, I told them, would have almost the same effect; for it would enable every man to read a newspaper, and the consequence of this flooding the people with light, would be, as it is in America, to make almost every man a politician—which being done they for themselves cou'd judge how long corn laws would stand, and established church, and hereditary legislature. The two last, I frankly told them, we had exploded years ago in the United States. I could see, however, that they only pitied me for such weakness, and excused it, because I was educated among a people who do not know the blessings of hereditary legislation and of a religion which people pay for, NOT to enjoy!

But to return to my discussion on the Thames,—I found that Mr. Basil Hall and Capt. Hamilton, were the chief authorities my disputants quoted "for the vulgarity of American manners," and "the horrid barbarity with which we murder the King's English," they generally eschewing Mrs. Trollope as only the drawer of a caricature. Hall and Hamilton's Books, I replied, were vicious books, written in a bad spirit, and were full of misrepresentations from beginning to end, whereas, in Mrs. Trollope, almost every item stated as fact, was fact, the like of which, I myself had seen in some part of the wide extended Union, the lie only arising from her generalising her facts, and judging a whole people by one man, or one family. As for the murder of the King's English, the English people, I contended, were much more guilty of this crime than we were, and as a proof, I quoted the beautiful language used in Yorkshire, Lancashire and Westmoreland, and parts of Scotland and London proper, at the same time acknowledging that educated men in England, as a mass, do speak better English than the educated men in America, not that they knew the English better, but that society teaches them to be more careful, whereas in America, we are careless, and criminally negligent in our conversation, also insisting that no where in the world, over such an extent of territory is any language spoken so well by the mass of the people as the English language is spoken in the United States. Jack Downing, the New York edition of whom has lately been published in London, (meeting with an extraordinary sale) was then quoted upon me *as authority!* The asses, pardon me, did not know that book was a caricature of ourselves by ourselves, and really looked upon it as a standard of authority in the U. States! Next, I had a letter of Bishop McIlvaine of Ohio, thrown in my teeth, which one of the passengers had read, a letter of the Bishop, now in London, soliciting donations for a college in Ohio, which letter, it was argued, was not English English but American English, but my disputant not being able to tell me how or why, he had this part of the argument to himself, not making much impression upon me, however, for I have not a doubt from the reputation of Bishop McIlvaine that his English will pass current in any quarter of the globe where English is spoken. The conversation grew warmer, and I grew cooler—as a matter of course, it always being policy to keep the cooler, the warmer others grow. To a man that attacks the manners of a people, a subject which of all others foreigners ought always to touch with the utmost care, there is no other reply than an attack upon the manners of his own people, and I therefore opened a battery upon the servility—the society-hunting, and the jealous, surly spirit, which, as a class, with glorious exceptions though no characterize the people of England. I told too, many truths, and meant to tell them, for I know something of England now, and have a magazine of facts, which I mean to keep, but only for the purpose of retaliation, and of matching case with case, when necessary. The company picked up their ears.—A surly old gentleman adroitly turned the conversation upon the last American war, and in the course of his conversation bitterly remarked, that the English never heard of us during that war, and did not know that war was going on with any other than the powers of Europe—so little did they regard it or us. Some wicked spirit tempted me to reply 'that there was many an English family and of noble rank, that would have reason to remember it, and with sorrow too.' I never saw a man so suddenly overcome. The change was astonishing. 'His only son,' an English gentleman told me afterwards, 'was killed in the American war!' I never in my life, have more regretted a single saying so much as I have this, for I saw by the tears in his eyes that it was the loss of that son that made him thus bitter against my countrymen, and he felt he had (but unintentionally from me) received a most severe rebuke.

At this point, the dinner bell rang. An entire stranger to me, a large bluff man, on whose trunk I afterwards read 'R. N.' (Royal Navy,) took me aside, and patting me on the shoulder, cried 'Bravo, my lad; you have done well. Always stand up for your country when it is right, and acknowledge what is wrong; but fight for it, right or wrong. The people here talk like fools. You Americans are English. I know you well; and if you were not all full of English blood, you could never do what you have done in America.'

The dinner bell sounded more and more;—and for a few minutes, all conversation was suspended amid the clatter of knives and forks. I never found a more agreeable company than this was, after the little dispute was over. The Englishmen for once, seemed to open their hearts. I received pressing invitations from two English gentlemen, entire strangers to me, to join their parties, and to go with them up the Rhine to Switzerland:—but my route lay another way,—and at Rotterdam we all parted on the most friendly terms; they thinking, I am sure, that Americans are not such savages and bears as their tory writers have taught them to believe we are, and I liking the English character better than ever, as it for once seemed to throw off its cold icy cloak, and to show that there is a heart under it. I have also learned that no American gains any thing abroad by suffering his own home to be jeered in his presence, without reply. His reply, however, should always be made temperate, acknowledging all the faults of his own country, and palliating them, as truth will let him,—becoming no propagandist in a mad attempt to *republicanize* people here, but leaving every one to enjoy his own prejudices for the government under which he lives. For England, 'merry Old England' is as dear to the humblest man there, as our own forest-clad hills, or green fields are to us. In short, with the *fortiter in re*, always join the *suaviter in modo*;—and then Englishmen will be taught that their Halls, and Hamiltons, and Trollopes, and Kembles, are all of one school—people who have humbugged poor John Bull with books upon America. At present, such travels sell better than travels in any other country.

English feeling is not polite to us at heart, but proud of us in fact, as showing what the Saxon blood can do when untrammelled by artificial society as it is in Britain—and though Englishmen are now deplorably ignorant in all the great political truths that we have established, yet they are beginning to learn—are commencing a study—and I really have some hopes of them, for John Bull is no fool though rather stupid at times, and very slow in learning. Put him into our free schools, and his excellent common-sense will make a promising lad of him, in this his (second!) childhood.

Enough, enough for this day. I had a troubled sleep last night on the deck of our steamer, for the cabin below was but the Black Hole of Calcutta in the impurity of its air changed as it was—and therefore I am the more s'eepy now. By eight o'clock we were in the river Meuse. Helvoetsluys was on our left,—and passed. I noticed there and thereabout women with ear-rings of brass, curling far forward as sometimes do the horns of beasts. The ship-canal was then entered. The Dutch latteral tri-colored flag often met our eyes. Schiedam was on our left. By 12 o'clock, the steeples of Rotterdam were in view. Our passports demanded. I did not give mine up, but dodged the officer. Our names, professions, ages, usual residence, places of birth—where from—where going—when arrived—when leave—dates of passports, and what authority gave them—where all taken down. Our luggage was then taken to the Custom House—we waiting at the door—and some of it was examined much, and others little—but mine escaped without even an opening, as I have but fifteen pounds in a single portmanteau—and then after the payment of an English shilling 'to his Majesty' for every parcel, all were permitted to depart—and I made my way to the Hotel Pays-Bas—a little palace of a place where they have what I like so well in America—a *table de hote*, where you can talk with your fellow creatures. The distance from London to Rotterdam is 220 miles. The fare, without meals, in the best cabin, is about ten dollars and a half.

B.

BUTLER'S
EFFERVESCENT MAGNESIAN APERIENT,

FOR the prevention and cure of Indigestion, Bilious and Liver Complaints, nervous weakness, head-ache, heart burn, habitual costiveness, giddiness, cutaneous diseases, &c. The suprising efficacy of this superior medicine has obtained for it the patronage of many eminent persons, whose high encomium, together with its extensive and increasing sale, fully proves its pre-eminence, and bids fair to render it the most peculiar remedy extant. To the dyspeptic, the sedentary, and studious, it will be found invaluable, from its promoting a proper action of, the liver in the secretion of the bile, or corrects it when in a vitiated state. Obstructions of the stomach or bowels are gradually removed; it restores the appetite, and gives tone, strenght, and energy to the system. Travellers and residents in warm climates, will find Butler's Magnesian Aperient a desirable article; it prevents any accumulation of bile, is portable, and the method of preparing an unusually convenient. Prepared by H. Butler, Chemist, London.

Sold wholesale and retail by *PALMER, JONES & BLAKE*, American House, 44, Hanover street, sole agents for the city of of Boston. june 6

WATCHES & JEWELRY.

THE Subscriber offers for sale, at No 13 Court st. a fresh stock of Gold and Silver Lever, Anchor and Escapement, Lepine, and common English, French and German Watches; French and German Mantel Clocks; gold and silver Spectacles; Jewelry and Fancy Goods, at prices, at least as low as can be found in the city.

Personal and careful attention given to the repairing of the most delicate and complicated, and also the common Watches; Clocks of every description repaired, and on application immediately attended to at any part of the city, by an experienced workman.

june 13 3m WM. H. KEITH.

ANNUALS FOR 1836.

FISHER'S *Drawing Room Scrap Book.* With Poetical Illustrations by L. E. L. With thirty-six engravings.

Friendship's Offering, and Winter's Wreath, with eleven engravings.

Forget-Me-Not, edited by Frederick Shoberl, containing eleven engravings.

The Gift, edited by Miss Leslie, with nine engravings.

The Token and Atlantic Souvenir, edited by S. G. Goodrich, with twelve engravings.

The Religious Souvenir, edited by Chauncey Cotton, D. D. President of Bristol College, Penn. With eight engravings.

The Pearl, or Affection's Gift, with seven engravings.

The Magnolia, edited by Henry W. Herbert, with thirteen engravings.

Also, a variety of other valuable Books, in rich arabesque, calf and morocco binding, for Christmas, Birthday and New Year's presents.

New Annuals received as soon as published by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON,

nov 7 133 Washington-st.

DR. J. K. PALMER'S
Compound Fluid Extract of
SARSAPARILLA AND CUBEBS.

For removing Diseases which are caused by an impure state of the blood—Syphilitic, Scrofulous, and Rheumatic Affections, Excessive use of Mercury—also for Gleet, Leucorrhœa, &c.

THIS article is now prescribed by some of the most distinguished Physicians, who have given it the preference to any other preparation of Sarsaparilla yet offer ed to the public.

The use of Sarsaparilla as an alterant and tonic medicine, is becoming more and more extensive; and although many forms are given and recommended for preparing this root for the patient, few, if any of them, contain a sufficient quantity of the virtues of Sarsaparilla to produce any medicinal effect. This is owing principally to two causes—either the bad quality of the Sarsaparill, or the imperfect manner in which it is prepared. It is a desirable object that there should be some standard preparation of uniform strenght, possessing all the virtues of this root in the most convenient form for immediate use.

From experiments which I have made, it appears that Sarsaparilla requires much boiling and at a high temperature, to extract all its virtues. I have caused an apparatus to be so constructed that the steam is partially compressed, and the temperature raised much higher than can be done in an ordinary boiler. This enables me to prepare a Fluid Extract which contains all the virtues of the best Spanish Sarsaparilla in a concentrated and convenient form, each bottle containing the virtues of a pound of the root, combined with Mezerron, Guaiac, Sassafras and Cubebs.

Two table spoonsful of the Fluid Extract, added to a pint of simple syrup, makes the Compound Syrup of Sarsaparilla, and the same quantity added to a pint of water forms the Lisbon Diet Drink. Two grains of Corrosive Sublimate, carefully dissolved in a small quantity of alcohol or water, and added to the syrup above mentioned, will make it in every respect similar to a pint of Swaim's Panacea.

Prepared at the Tremont Laboratory, and sold by PALMER, JONES & BLAKE, American House, Boston. june 6

TOOTH ACHE.

THE EDINBURGH TOOTH ACHE PASTE is a positive remedy for the above complaint, as can be established by numerous certificates. It is perfectly harmless in its application, and frequently effects a cure in the space of five minutes. For sale by the following druggists—JOS. KIDDER, corner of Hanover and Court streets; A. GEYER, Hanover street; CHAS. HOLBROOK, Leverett street; JOS. T. BROWN, Washington street, and E. HOLDEN, Charles street, and the principle Drug stores in this city. 6m august8

SUPERIOR STYLE
OF IRISH LINENS.

BENJ. JACOBS, No. 44, Washington street, a few doors north of State street, has received a few cases of uncommonly heavy LINENS, weighing nearly nine lbs to the piece of 25 yds—the yarn is spun by machinery from the best long staple flax, and very even wove. He flatters himself they are superior to Linens usually imported into this market.

Also—500 pieces soft dressed Linens, manufactured from hand spun yarn—1 case 11-4 extra Superfine Linen SHEETINGS.

The above Linens are put up to order and are *warranted all pure linen.* may 23

TAYLOR'S SPOOL COTTON

ELIAB STONE BREWER has constantly for sale *TAYLOR'S PERSIAN SPOOL COTTON.* The very best article of sewing Cotton imported, as will be asserted by every lady that has used it.

april 25 414 *Washington-street.*

BALANCE MANUFACTORY.

PATENT BALANCES and Scale Beams manufactured in the best manner, and warranted equal to any of the kind, manufactured and for sale, wholesale or retail, on the most reasonable terms, at the Manufactory, No. 3 Fulton street, near Clinton street, Boston, by LYMAN LOCKE.

N. B. All Balances repaired at short notice, and warranted. 1y may 2

MAN'S GREATEST AND
—BEST EARTHLY TREASURE—
HEALTH PRESERVED—OR LOST—RESTORED

SEARS'S AMERICAN HYGIENE VEGETABLE RENOVATING PILLS, are now offered for the benefit of the public, by the Author, under an honest persuasion, that the certificates of their efficacy and effects; and the references and testimony respecting his own reputation and character, will secure for them public confidence. They have been the result of much research and experiment, occasioned by unusual sufferings from Dyspepsia and a diseased liver for 30 years. During a considerable part of this period, it has been to me an object of anxious solicitude, to discover some preparation of medicine better calculated to relieve me of my sufferings, than any I had heretofore used. And after many experiments in Materia Medica; and, among the vegetables of our country, I have succeeded in preparing a medicine, purely and entirely vegetable, which does in an eminent degree, answer that important and desirable object. Their effect is to excite and sustain a natural peristalic action in the stomach and intestines and to produce a discharge from them of all the morbid, and bilious matter which they contain; and also to remov biliary obstructions, and promote and sustain the natural secretions of the liver. Hence they are peculiarly efficacious in curing all diseases, originating from a disordered state of the stomach and bowels: such as Indigestion, Costiveness, Bilious Cholic, Nervous and Sick Headache, Hypocondria, Yellow and Black Jaundice, Cholera Morbus, Cutaneous Eruptions, Erysipelas, Heartburn, Sourness of Stomach, and General Debility Their efficacy has been fairly and abundantly tested by my own experience and that of many others. They may, with perfect safety, be taken by both sexes, of all ages, in cases of indisposition; and they are peculiarly effectual in liver complaints. In offering them to the public, I pledge my reputation and character, that a perfect trial of their effects will satisfy them of their superior excellency. In regard to my reputation and character, I have permission to refer to the Right Rev. Bishop Onderdonk and the Rev. Dr Spring, of New York; and I would also present the two following certificates from the Hon John W. Taylor, and the Hon. Judge S. Young, of Ballston Spa, whose characters are well known to the public.

"I certify that I have been well acquainted with William Sears, now of the village of Ballston Spa, for more than thirty years, He has through life maintained a fair reputation. His character for truth and general integrity stands high. Indeed I have never heard it impeached.

JOHN W. TAYLOR.

Ballston Spa, Oct. 6th, 1834."

"I have known Mr William Sears for more than thirty years, having resided most of that time in the same town with him, and during that period he has sustained a character without reproach. S. YOUNG.

Oct. 8. 1834."

Extract from a certificate of Mr James Comstock, editor of the Ballston Spa Gazette—"For several years past Mrs. Comstock has been afflicted with an unusually obstinate Dyspepsia, attended with a great degree of acidity of the stomach, and redundancy of bile. For several months past she has taken Sears's A. H. V. Renovating Pills, and has experienced more benefit from them than she has ever received from any medicine. I can with confidence recommend them to the public.

JAS. COMSTOCK."

Extract from a certificate of Mrs Powel, wife of the Hon. Judge Powel, of Saratoga county—"For many years past I have been afflicted with the symptoms of a liver complaint, which have frequently been attended with a pain in my side, so severe as to confine me. About three months since I commenced taking Sears's A. H. V. Renovating Pills, which have greatly relieved me, and rendered unnecessary the use of any other medicine. I do highly esteem them, and recommend them to all who are afflicted as I have been, with a liver complaint.

ANN POWEL.

Milton, Oct. 3, 1834."

For sale by Messrs. HENSHAW & CO. Druggists, Boston—where circulars, giving a more general description of them, will be distributed gratis.

april 18 1y

HINGHAM UMBRELLAS.

OR SALE AT No. 61, WATER-STREET, (UP STAIRS,) CASES 32, 30 and 28 in. extra superior English Gingham UMBRELLAS, stamped borders;
Cases 30 in. do do do do Plain;
do 30 and 28 in. Black American do do;
do 30 in. do English do do very superior;
do 30 and 32 in. Blk Silk UMBRELLAS, French style;
do 28 in. Gingham UMBRELLAS, bone stick.

Also—Double Foundation MUSLINS, constantly on hand. 3m july 11

Compound Syrup
ICELAND MOSS.

FOR the cure of Colds, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Spitting of Blood, and Consumption.

ICELAND MOSS grows plentifully in the Island of Iceland, from whence it takes its name, and in all the high northern latitudes of Europe and Asia, where its Medicinal qualities have been long known and highly appreciated. This plant contains a larger proportion of VEGETABLE MUCILAGE than any other known substance; and in combination with it is a bitter principle, which acts most beneficially in giving strength in cases of great weakness and debility of the lungs.

The knowledge of many of our most valuable medicines, for the cure of diseases, has been obtained from observing their effect on brute animals—so is this most invaluable Moss. Its virtues were discovered by their effects on a HARDY, LONG-LIVED and sagacious REINDEER, which derives its principal nourishment from the Iceland Moss, and whose milk becomes so highly imbued with its Balsamic virtues, that it is used with the greatest confidence as a sovereign remedy, by the inhabitants of all those countries, for the cure of all diseases o the Breast and Lungs.

In France, this compound has long been known and extensively used; and to its salutary effects, as much as to the salubrity of the climate, is probably owing the very small number of fatal cases of consumption in that country, compared with Great Britain and the United States This Syrup contains all the medicinal virtues of the Moss, in the most concentrated form, and is prepared from the original recipe from Paris, only by

E. HUTCHINGS & CO., Baltimore.

And none is genuine unless it has their fac-simile upon each bill of direction—also upon the envelope, and sealed with their seal.

The above article may be obtained of PALMER JONES & BLAKE, American House, 44, Hanover street. june 20

DRAWING MATERIALS.

JAMES W. BURDITT, Franklin Head, No. 27 Court street, has received by the ship Canton, and other arrivals from London, a variety of articles for Drawing, and among them are the following:

Dobbs & Co's refined black lead and chalk Pencils, of various degrees of hardness and shade: Drawing Paper, from the size of 15 by 20 to 31 by 52 inches; Ivories, for miniatures; sable and camels hair Pencils; Reeves' Water Colors; Crayons; steel and brass Port Crayons; Tracing Paper; earthen Slabs and Palette; China Saucers; black cases of Saucers; Bow Compasses and Bow Pens; steel Drawing Pens; ivory and box wood Scales; Swan Quills and large Goose Hair Pencils; India Ink Parallel Rules; London Board, &c. &c. june 6

STRAW CARPETINGS,
AT A REDUCED PRICE.

100 PIECES Straw Carpetings, received this day, of a superior quality, for sale at a very reduced price by ELIAB STONE BREWER,

july 25 414 Washington street.

MOROCCO WORK.

FOR SALE at MARSH'S, No. 77, Washington-st. (Joy's building) the largest assortment of Morocco Goods to be found in the city—among the variety are some very splendid Port Folios, with and without locks. Also, Writing Cases, Bankers' Cases, Trunk Books, &c.

april 4

INDEX RERUM.

INDEX on Subjects intended as a Manual to aid the Student and the Professional Man, in preparing himself for usefulness, with an introduction illustrating its utility and method of use. By Rev John Todd. For sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133, Washington street. 2w sept 1

REAL ESTATE.

RARE CHANCE FOR GOOD INVESTMENT. The New England Glass Bottle Company offer for sale, all their Real Estate, situated in East Cambridge, consisting of about 25,000 square feet of land, with all the buildings thereon, viz—glass house 2 store-houses, pottery, 4 shops, stables, &c. A most eligible situation for the manufacture of Glass, or any heavy articles, being situated on tide water, and accessible by vessels of 150 or 200 tons burthen, with a canal running nearly the whole length of the premises. For the purpose of the concern, the above will be sold so as to make it a safe investment even for speculation. Inquire of RALPH SMITH, Agent for said Company, No. 118, State street, Boston. april 25

A CARD TO THE LADIES.

THE Subscriber having dissolved partnership with Mr. Hills, Ladies' Shoe Maker, School street, begs leave [illegible] the Ladies of Boston and its vicinity, that he has again commenced business at No. 21 School street, a few doors above his former shop, where he respectfully solicits the patronage of his friends and former customers. ROBERT KNOTT.

july 11

TO THE AFFLICTED!

DR. T. BELL has removed from his former residence to 45 South Russell Street, corner of May street, and tenders his services to the public. Having been forty years in the practice of physic both in Europe and America, he flatters himself of being able to give general satisfaction. For the last fifteen years he has adopted the vegetable medicine system—the advantages this system possesses over every other is sufficiently tested in every section of the Union. He will undertake the following disorders where there is a prospect of cure, viz: cancers, asthma, coughs of ever so long standing, scrofula, ulcers from whatever cause, &c. Also—liver complaints, diarrhoea, piles, worms, and jaundice.

N. B.—Also, a certain complaint, (in most cases without the use of mercury.) People of either sex may be introduced to the Doctor without seeing each other, and at the same time may rely upon secrecy and honor.

At the same place may be had the following medicines, and no where else—Bell's Eye Water, for weak or weeping eyes, an excellent article. 2s per vial—Tooth Paste, an invaluable article for preserving the enamel of the teeth, 2s per box—also, his Bilious Pills, that cannot be surpassed, and create no griping whatever, 3s per box. 6w sept 26

BULBOUS FLOWER ROOTS

HOVEY & CO. Horticultural Seed Warehouse, 79 and 81 Cornhill, have just received, in the Galliot Venillia, from Rotterdam, a fine assortment of Summer Bulbs; consisting of Tuberoses, Amaryllis Formosissima, Gadiolus Nataleusis, Tigridia Conchiflora &c.

june 20

DISSOLUTION.

THE Copartnership heretofore existing under the firm of PARKER & COREY, is by mutual consent dissolved. H. D. PARKER is duly authorized to settle the affairs of the late firm.

H. D. PARKER would also give notice that he has associated with him FRANKLIN WHITNEY, as a partner after this date. The business will be continued under the firm of PARKER & WHITNEY. aug 1

BROADCLOTHS.

NEW AND FASHIONABLE BROADCLOTHS AND CASSIMERES; LADIES' CLOTHS; LAMAS; ERMINETTS; ANGOLAS; DRILLINGS; CAMLETS, JEANS, &c

For sale at JOHN H. PRAY'S *variety Cloth Store, No. 48 Washington street.*

THE above advertised, comprises one of the largest assortments of seasonable and *fashionable* Cloths and Cassimeres, of French, English, German and American manufacture, to be found in the city: and a great variety of Worsted, Silk, Linen and Cotton spring and summer Stuffs; together with fashionable Silk, Marseilles, Valentia and Velvet Vestings; Brown, Black & Bleached Linens; Brown and Bleached Cottons; Padding; Canvas; Silk, Twist, Thread, Buttons, &c.

This Stock deserves an examination by purchasers who are invited to call, and are assured that prices shal average as low as can be named for the like articles, by any others in Boston. 6m may 2

ACCORDIONS,
WITH SEMITONES.

AMONG the lot received to-day, are a few with this desirable addition. For sale by

JOSEPH L. BATES,

march 21 6 Court street near Washington st.

MULBERRY MERINOS.

A FEW ps Mulberry, Brown, Olive and Green, very dark and desirable shades, just received and for sale by E. F. NEWHALL,

dec 5 179 Washington street.

BOSTON
INDIA RUBBER FACTORY,

WAREHOUSE, No. 8 State-street, offer to the public a superior assortment of India Rubber Goods, consisting in part of the following kinds, viz:

Large and small BEDS; MATTRASSES; PILLOWS; SADDLES and SADDLE PADS.
Gentlemen's CLOAKS, and Garments of all descriptions.
Ladies' and Mechanics' APRONS.
CUSHIONS of all patterns
LIFE PRESERVERS, SWIMMING BELTS.
SPORTSMEN'S BOTTLES.
Men's, boys' and children's CAPS.

Together with a great variety of other articles, all manufactured by the above factory, and warranted of the first quality. Orders for all kinds of Rubber goods, promptly attended to.

july 25 FREDERICK GOULD, Agent.

J. BURRILL,
MANUFACTURING JEWELLER,
73
CORNHILL.

july 11 6w

INDIA RUBBER WATER
PROOF CLOTH WAREHOUSE.
NO 52 WATER STREET—MERCHANTS' HALL, BOSTON.

THE Proprietors of the Boston and Lynn INDIA RUBBER FACTORY, are now ready to contract and furnish any quantity of the *Coated India Rubber Cotton Cloth*, of a superior quality, adapted to many useful purposes. Such as Carriage, Gig and Wagon Tops, Sofa Curtains and Boots, being more flexible and durable than any painted Canvass; Covering for Gun Powder Casks, Hat and Band-Boxes, Baggage Coverings for Stage Coaches, Hydrostatic Beds, Sick Bed Sheets Stomach Straps, Hot Water, Injection Bags, Air Beds, Pillows and Cushions, &c. &c.

MANUFACTURED ARTICLES

Kept constantly for sale; Outside Coats; Pantaloons; Caps with Capes; Large Circular Spanish Capes; Swimming Belts; Life Preservers; Air Cushions; Water Cushions for the stomach or feet; Improved Pantaloon Straps.

Garments from the *INDIA RUBBER CLOTH* are made up without sewing, which prevents all needle holes, and have been proved by Pilots and seafaring men to be impervious to Air, or Water; always dry and ready to put on.

There will be a constant supply of these Goods from the Factory, of a quality surpassed by none.

Orders are solicited for any article manufactured from India Rubber Cloth.

Samples can be examined as above.

august 9 tf Address C. C. NICHOLS & CO.

PRICE REDUCED

VEGETABLE EXTRACT.—This is the most valuable remedy yet discovered for the cure of Throat Distemper, or Malignant, Putrid, Ulcerated Sore Throat, Scarlet Fever, Canker Rash, Canker in the Mouth, Throat and Bowels, Diarrhea, Dysentary, Sore Mouth of nursing women, and Acid Humors of Teething Children; in short, for almost all the affections of the Mucous membrane of the mouth, throat and alimentary canal.—These diseases are acknowledged by all physicians to be of the most severe and obstinate character, and have long baffled their skill and research. The discovery therefore of an effectual remedy for them, particularly for the various forms of Scarlet Fever, must be considered by every true philanthropist as an invaluable desideratum. As a common and perfectly safe family medicine, it will be found of inestimable value in cases of common sore throats and colds—disordered state of the stomach and bowels—such as habitual costiveness, indigestion, flatulency, nausea and vomiting. Also, in cases of weakness arising from fever and all debilitating diseases, such as consumption, &c.; it will be found very beneficial as a cathartic and alterative, as it neither causes debility nor does it, as is the case with the operation of most medicine, so readily dispose one to take cold

The *Vegetable Extract* has now been sometime before the public, and its great powers justly tested. Hundreds of individuals have successfully tried it, and several eminent physicians are in the almost daily use of it in their practice, who are truly astonished at its great curative qualities, and are ready to give their testimony in favor of its efficiency and power. There now remains but one obstacle in the way of its very general use, and that is the price. The proprietors, being desirous to obviate this difficulty, have therefore determined to reduce the price to 62 1-2 cents per bottle, for one year, which barely remunerates for the great expense of preparing the article; this will bring it within the means of every person, so that no one need suffer for the want of it; and the poor man be able to obtain it for himself and family, was ell as the rich

N. B.—Should any one still feel scrupulous of what is here stated, relative to the Vegetable Extract, and will call on one of the proprietors, No. 118 State street, Boston, besides the recommendations which will accompany each bottle, other abundant and most satisfactory evidence will be exhibited respecting it.

For sale wholesale and retail by one of the Proprietors and General Agent. RALPH SMITH, 118 State street. Sold also by Maynard & Noyes 13 and 15 Cornhill; William Brown, 481 Washington street; Pearson & Rowland, 188 Washington street; Brewer & Brothers, 90 Washington street; J. P. Hall, 1 Union st; E. S. Holden, corner of Chesnut st; James Fowle, corner of Green and Leverett st; C. Holbrook, 18 Leverett st; J. L. Moffat, corner of Chamber and Poplar st; D. Hendman, 41 Cambridge st; F. Plummer, 118 State st; C. French, 181 Hanover st; A. Boyden, 24 Hancock st; R. A. Newell, corner of Summer and South st; J. F. Elliot, 81 Hanover st; S. W. Fowle, 33 Prince st; J. P. Whitwell, corner of Milk and Bath st; J. P. Preston, corner of Federal and Williams st. may 2

RICH ENGRAVINGS.

THIS DAY received by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133 Washington street.

A large variety of most beautiful Prints, most of which are entirely new, being recently imported from France, consisting of Historical, Scripture, Landscape and fancy Engravings, Portraits of distinguished literary men, &c. Some of which are—Jane Grey; Anne Bollen; The Deluge; The downfall of Babylon; The Crucifixion; The three Marys; Christ in the Garden; Village subjects; Anxiety and Repose; The four Seasons; The five senses; The Prediction; The Beloved; The Forsaken; Bishop Cheverus; Lord Brougham; Prince Talleyrand; Rossina, &c. &c. august 29

BURNS AND SCALDS
A POSITIVE CURE.

ANTI-PHLOGISTIC PASTE, for Burns and Scalds, Erysipelas and Phlegmonous Inflammation, St Anthony's Fire, Erythema, Shingles, Stings and Bites of Insects, Inflamed Blisters, Vegetable Poisons, Chapped Hands, &c. Fever Sores, (Necrosis) Biles, Inflamed Breasts, Whitlow, Abscesses, Carbuncles Gangreen, &c. &c. Sore Legs, Ulcers of every description, Schirrous Tumors and Glands, Bruises and Sprains: Fractures, Contused and Lacerated Wounds: every grade of Gunshot Wounds. It is sure to give immediate relief, and a healthy action to the living parts, and we can hardly conceive of a fracture or wound so bad as to cause death or need amputation, if the Paste be timely and properly applied. All inflammations of a specific character, as Scrofulous Tumors, Glands, Ulcers and Abcesses; White Swellings and Inflamed Joints from any cause.

Scrofulous Humors, and every other species of Eruption, as Salt Rheum, Herpes, Scalded Head, Ringworm, Pimpled Face, and Blotches. It is a specific for the Piles, giving immediate relief. Local Syphillitic Inflammation it is sure to remove, and prevent suppuration in the worst cases.

In all the above diseases the Paste has but one action, which is the removal of heat, pain, swelling and more or less of fever when this is done, nature soon finishes the cure, or the diseased parts become well simultaneously. It needs no certificates; use it, and you will know more of it than cay be told you.

Sold wholesale and retail by TROTT & CO, 126 State street, Boston, and by Druggists in the city generally. Also, by Asa B. Foster, Weston, (Vt) and A. & T. Hall Keene, (N. H.) B. F. Brown, Salem, (Mass) J. R. Wadsworth, Providence, (R. I.) J. Hubbard, Lowell, (Mass) John H. Wheeler, Dover, (N. H.) dec 19

CURE FOR JAUNDICE,
INDIGESTION, &c. &c.

The cleansing, purifying Vegetable Panacea, long known as Dennison's Bitters, or the great antibilious corrective. Under the patronage of the first physicians in Europe and America, yield all their qualities to boiling water.

THIS long established article is exactly what it purports to be, one of the best medicines in the world for these complaints. It is of legitimate origin, emanating from the great Dr. Lettsom of London, and the good qualities have been tested for more than a quarter of a century. A long list of certificates were originally appended, but from the great space occupied, with one or two exceptions, they have of late years been omitted.—The following diseases, mostly proceeding from the same cause, are greatly relieved if not entirely cured by this medicine, viz.

Jaundice, Indigestion, Worms, Loss of Appetite, Weakness of the Stomach, Cholic, Costiveness, Flatulence, Headache, Strangury, Dropsy, Dysentery and all impurities of the blood.

Different kinds of Trusses.

Salmon's Brevet pad in ball and socket. Plain and Bellows pad do. Kite pad, English improved Truss, patronised and approved by one of our first physicians. Common English do. Hull's do. Stone's do. Shaker's do. French do. india rubber pad, made in Philadelphia. Marsh's N. Y. do. Improvement on Hull's. Umbilical do. Children's do. all sizes. Double do. for double ruptures. Bateman's improved do. &c. &c.

Also—Foreign Leeches, and Watts' Lucifer Matches, (large) 12 1-2 cts box, $1 per doz.

Apply to J. P. WHITWELL, Druggist, corner of Milk and Bath street. 6m april 25

BLEACHED AND BROWN
AMERICAN COTTONS.

ELIAB STONE BREWER, No 414 Washington St. offers for sale per piece or yard, 100 cases and bales of Bleached and Brown Cottons as follows—
Cases of Bleached 9-8 Cochero Sheetings,
do do Lawrence Superfine Shirtings,
do do Hamilton 9-8 Sheetings & Long Cloth,
do do Waltham Sheetings and Shirtings,
do do Elliot do do
With a variety of low priced bleached Sheetings & Shirtings.
Bales of Brown Shirtings,
do do New Market Sheetings and Shirtings,
do do Waltham do do
with a large assortment of low priced brown Sheetings and Shirtings.
Bleached and Brown Drillings.
Also—Bales of 6-8 and 4-4 Pengrove, Methuen Company Assanpink and Sharon Tickings.
Sewing Cotton by the case or pound.
The above goods were brought before the rise of Cottons, and are offered very cheap. feb 16

MUSTARD.

WARRANTED of Superior quality, Fine and Superfine in Kegs, Canisters and Bottles manufactured and for sale wholesale and retail by DEXTER DANA, corner of Cross and Ann streets. Boston.

N. B. All kinds of Spices for sale or ground at short notice.

Also, Coffee burnt and ground for retailing.

nov 1 1y